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Vol. CLIV No. 2018 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 24 1938

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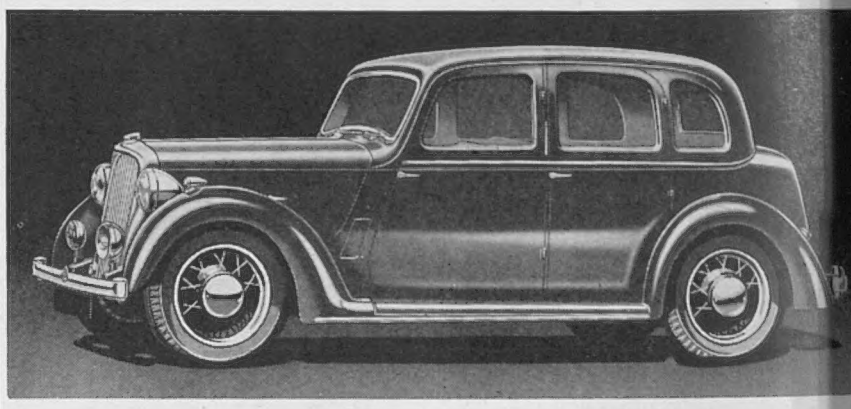

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 24, 1938

ARTHUR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

APOSTLE OF PERSONAL DIPLOMACY

Britain's Prime Minister Smiles a Greeting on Returning From His Historic Flight To Meet the German Chancellor at Berchtesgaden

The world is ever quick to applaud a stroke of bold initiative actuated by lofty idealism, and when Mr. Chamberlain flew last week to Germany for a man-to-man talk with Herr Hitler, in the hope of resolving by peaceful means the bitter German–Czech dispute, the nations united to praise him for his courage in cutting the Gordian knot of slow diplomacy that he might try the efficacy of the personal approach to a problem threatening to involve all Europe. The act was characteristic of the man, exemplifying his deep sincerity for peace which, when the story of these days comes into the perspective of history, it is felt will surely give him a high place among world statesmen. Mr. Chamberlain, the son of Joseph Chamberlain, that forceful imperialist, and the half-brother of Austen Chamberlain, creator of Locarno, started in life as a planter, managing his father's estate in the Bahamas, and it was not until 1918 that he entered Parliament. From then on his rise was meteoric, and by 1923 he had already been both Minister of Health and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had climbed to the second place in politics in five years. To-day he stands at the helm and all those who know him marvel at the physical toughness which, at the age of 69, helps him to face an avalanche of work and a responsibility exceeding that of any man save Hitler himself

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

"CZECHS ACCEPT PEACE PLAN," "HOW HITLER WILL STRIKE," were among the many bills displayed in London's streets last Tuesday when the German-Czech crisis was still hanging in the balance, but it seemed, as a result of the Franco-British negotiations in Whitehall, that Europe would be saved from war

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, September 21, 1938.

CRISIS—IN RETROSPECT.—

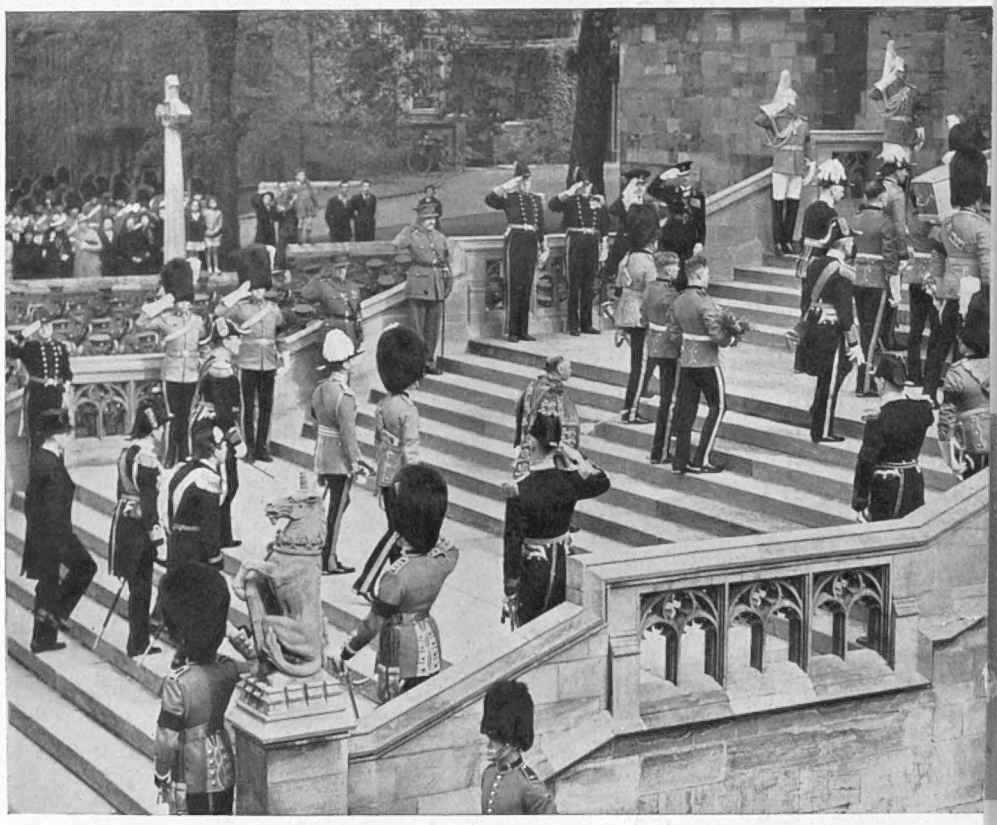
The respite that followed Hitler's indecisive speech was short. In London the posters on Tuesday advertised world opinion of the speech and simultaneously announced the deaths of four Sudetens. That clearly meant that the tension was no ways relaxed. It seemed clear that the Henleinist disorders which broke out all over the Sudeten territory following Hitler's speech were all pre-arranged in anticipation of the entry of the Germans "to restore order" on the Austrian pattern and that Henleinists had anticipated a much clearer indication from Hitler that such was his intention if further "torture" of 3,000,000 Germans in Czechoslovakia took place. The Henleinists had assured the necessary condition. What could the Czech Government do but take measures to keep the peace, to save life, to stop looting? Was Germany unable to recognise the plain duty of a civilised Government in such circumstances? Hitler himself indicated the path of further negotiation and if then he could not or did not control the hot-heads of Henlein, all his prating of peaceful intentions went by the board and he was encouraging a world war of Jenkins' ear. The gross impertinence of the Sudetens' four demands and ultimatum did indeed strike a chill to our hearts, and freeze our sympathy in a cause once just but to-day maintained by every travesty of justice. The shot of a hothead at Sarajevo plunged the world in blood twenty-five years ago. Now once more we stood on the abyss and it would not be the sudden decision of an over-wrought dictator — which would be bad enough—but the deliberate hooliganism of a handful of street thugs which might any moment kick us over the edge.

HITLER'S DILEMMA. — On

Thursday, 15th, the Premier flew to Germany to plead with the man of destiny on whose whim the peace of Europe and the fate of civilisation hung. It was a wise, brave and large-minded decision, one consonant with the dignity and the desire for peace of our Empire. It pleased (and surprised) the world. The former Austrian house-painter is in a dazzling position which no sane man envies. At will or whim he can save or shatter our civilisation. But his dilemma is as terrible as his position. If his boasts be true, every German, every Nazi, obeys his least word. He has the power of life and death over every subject of the Reich; his word is their law. They obey him implicitly. The Sudetens are among his subjects. If his boast be true, at a word from him the Sudetens and Henleinists will quietly get down to peaceful negotiations. There was not a schoolboy in Europe who believed in the "torture" of the Czech minority. Every child knew that Benesh offered them a handsome deal and that the broad basis of negotiation is full (if tardy) justice. If, therefore, Hitler withheld that word, he risked once more plunging Europe in blood, and shattering his own life's work from pride or obstinacy or blindness or sadism. If the word is unspoken because the Führer knows it would not be obeyed, then he is but a vain boaster, a man of straw, an idol with feet of clay and stuffed with sawdust. If there were any half-way, any alternative, reason would that one should name it. There is none. Inexorable logic pointed the dilemma. The whole world, save only Sudetenland and a minority in Germany, saw right and reason and clear justice in an approach to an honourable and fair solution of the Sudeten problem by peaceful negotiation. That Europe's fate should hang on the death in brawls of a few street thugs was unthinkable by sane men and that Hitler should suffer such chances to affect his decision would prove him less than a statesman of any category. Is he the great man we would believe him to be, or the mischievous spielman? That he is no mountebank, no spielman of Europe, we are pretty sure. If the immediate issue seemed clear—peaceful negotiation—the remoter implications and difficulties were real and many and we did not deny their existence. There was indeed some important misunderstanding of all that the crisis implied for Germans between the sane German and the Briton and it was greatly to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain's visit would discover that misunderstanding and forge a new link in a chain of sympathy between us and Germany. On that chain the peace of the world hung. Such were our thoughts of the hour. On Friday we knew that the Premier was returning after a short preliminary talk, to be later resumed. We believed it meant a respite during the interruption in the talks. Mr. Chamberlain reported the gist of his conversation to the King and the Cabinet, and prepared for the next stage. Parliament is likely after all to be summoned but presumably not until after the next conversations, which will be held near Cologne. So it remained at the week-end, with revived hope still holding her head up. Then the Frenchmen came over, and on Tuesday we knew that cession of some part of Sudetenland was to be pressed, and that the Czechs would probably agree in principle and under protest.

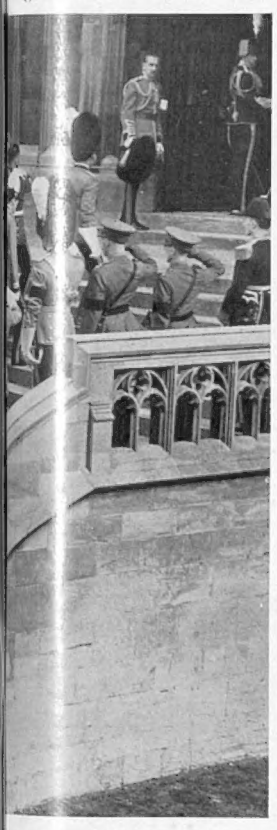
THE LOGIC OF FACTS.

—The average man, ignorant of what took place at Berchtesgaden, and what words were passing at Cabinet meetings, numbed by the nearness of the abyss, was no doubt striving, as I was, to get his mind cleared of side issues and to appreciate what is vital in the whole problem. What, he asked himself, is the root cause of the long post-war agony of Europe? Need we look further than the Peace Treaties? They were created in an atmosphere of revenge and in the then state of public feeling no statesman could have created them differently. He would have been hanged first. We cannot lay all the blame on the statesmen of Versailles. The treaties were created by public opinion among the victors. But created by victors having all the power on their side, and they were soaked in revenge. As soon as signed, the victors signed away the one thing that could hold them inviolate, their own power of arms. England, I believe, knew at the time that, without force of arms, they could never be maintained and held the seeds of dragons' teeth. But we cannot blame France for attempting to maintain them, situated as she was and is. Of those treaties only a section now remains. The rest has been torn up, clause by clause by bluff or force. The revenge was wreaked on a Germany which bears no relation to, and has little affinity with, the Germany which lost the war. The partition of Europe which followed the Armistice was a division of rewards to the faithful and penalties to the defeated. If Mr. Chamberlain is thinking, as most of us are thinking, that it is an unjustifiable price to pay for maintaining the last clauses in a settlement (St. Germains, Versailles and the rest) forced on the vanquished by force and vengeance—to



THE ROYAL FUNERAL AT WINDSOR: The pall bearers carrying the coffin into St. George's Chapel fo the service preceding the burial of Prince Arthur of Connaught whose death occurred in the ve midst of the international crisis. Ascending the steps in procession can be seen Garter King of Arn and the King walking with the Earl of Macduff, Prince Arthur's son and heir. Until illness claim him two years ago the Prince lived a very full life. Although modest and unassuming, he had a hi sense of duty, travelled in many lands in the service of the State, and held the high office of Governo General of South Africa, in which capacity he achieved a popularity that has only been equalled the Union by that of the Earl of Athlone. When the sons of King George V were boys, Prince Arth did a great deal of work which naturally devolved on them when they grew up. It was typical of hi that he then stepped aside, showing himself almost over anxious to avoid standing in their w

bathe the whole world in blood, can we blame him, can we condemn him for cowardice and vacillation? There have been brave words spoken. Who can blame him or the French if they swallow them and save civilisation from the last disaster of all? The blood of all living generations is on their heads if the integrity of one nation of mixed blood is to be preserved at the price of the existence of all nations. What can men do in such a crisis but save the best part of all that ruin threatens? Of course, the discussions in London have been along those lines. The question is: How far has it seemed good to Britain and France to urge upon the Czechs still further concessions? We cannot go on like this. The nightmare of the past years must end, and now. We know now that we cannot enforce the Peace Treaties by arms. We dare not risk it. We cannot combine if we would. What is the rest of the treaties worth? The bankruptcy of civilisation and the lives of half its effectives? Rather than that, the proudest nation should eat its words, divide its treasure and cede some of its own territory. Nor do I refer only to Czechoslovakia. Half measures again will but prolong the agony. But, if the Czechs agree to cede territory and to save civilisation, let it be done without future guarantees by Britain and France of her neutrality. For what are such guarantees worth, if recent history is read? Embarrassment to the guarantors, inevitable disappointment to the guaranteed. "Peace with honour?" shriek the cynics. Yes. For war is the supreme dishonour.



MILITARY PAGEANTRY AT PRINCE ARTHUR'S FUNERAL: THE SERVICE AT WINDSOR

THE KING WALKS BESIDE THE EARL OF MACDUFF: His Majesty, in Field-Marshal's uniform, with Prince Arthur's only son in the procession from Windsor Station to St. George's Chapel where the funeral service was held. The Earl, who is twenty-four years of age, is in the Royal Scots Greys and is now heir to the Dukedom of Connaught

PALESTINE.—The curse of that highly reputed statesman, Lord Balfour, is heavy upon us. His Palestine plan was the grave of his reputation and is one of the sharpest thorns in Britain's side. We have not yet realised how serious things are over there. We have too many ugly crises ever before our eyes. Things could not be worse, short of complete revolution, and that will surely come if a regular conquest of the country is not undertaken. We have shilly-shallied with half-measures, blown hot and cold, sent troops back and forth. Now at last important reinforcements are on their way again to Palestine, at what a cost and with what shifts only the War Office knows exactly. A brigade from Catterick and the Scots Greys are gone out. There is only one way and those who most sympathise with Arab grievances, which are real enough, know it. The country has got to be subdued, order must be restored, the gangs of terrorists must be broken up and rendered powerless and then only can justice be done to the Arab majority and a real attempt be made to effect some sort of working compromise which may save the face of that disastrous misreading of history and facts which was the Palestine plan coupled with the name of Arthur Balfour—with not more than the usual degree of injustice.

SOUTH AGAIN.—I put in a word for the much criticised Great North Road on my return home. I drove down it alone from Melrose as far as Hatfield where I branched off. I asked the motor expert at THE SPHERE office whether he thought a man could maintain for 400 miles an average speed of about 38 m.p.h. on British roads if his car never exceeded 53 m.p.h. He said it was impossible. Yet that is what I managed to do in my two-year-old Vauxhall Fourteen, driving from Galashiels to Hatfield, by Carlisle and Scotch Corner along A1. The towns which checked me were all south of Grantham, Stamford being far the worst. It is a curious dream-like experience running over the map of Britain at a sitting and noting the individual characteristics of the counties, which instantly reveal themselves, and it is peculiarly tiring to run from the coolness of the high hills into the terrific heat-wave which had tardily arrived in southern England. Perhaps it is not the best way in which to profit by one's holiday. I confess to arriving home in a state of collapse and a suit of clothes far too thick.

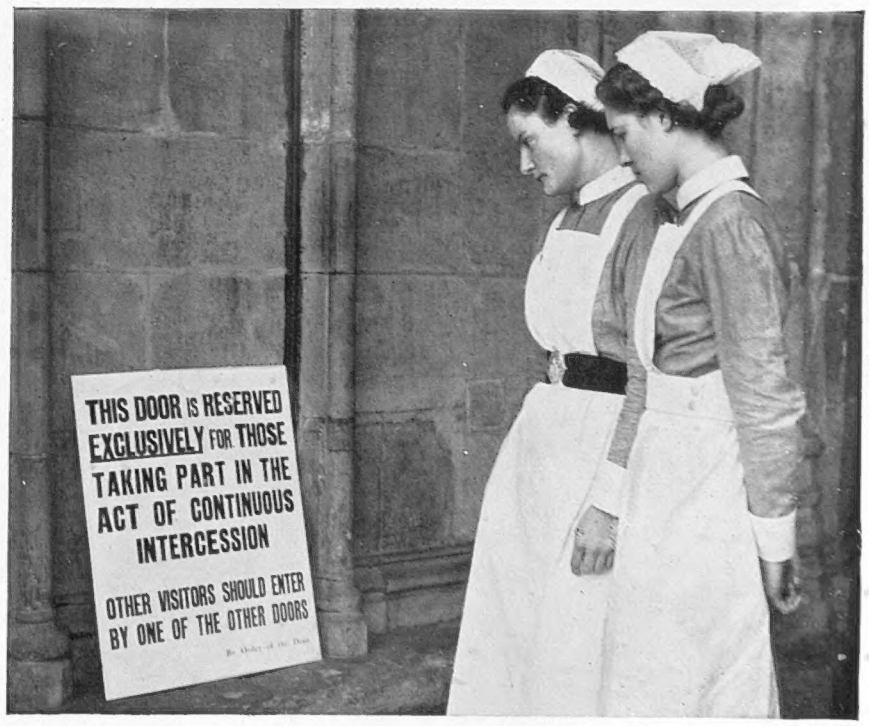
PRINCE ARTHUR.—Prince Arthur of Connaught was but fifty-five at his death. His friends had been aware that he could not live much longer. He was not a "flyer," but he did the jobs entrusted to him conscientiously and efficiently. When the sons of King George V were young he was indeed almost the only available substitute for His Majesty, and he went on many missions, and won good opinions both from South Africa and from Japan. He was very much an English cavalry officer, without side, without pomposity, without class consciousness. The Greys knew him as "Pip-Ack." He liked a joke, did not pretend to brilliance, and knew his limitations. But he had dignity when dignity was required, and he did his duty throughout his life. I recollect that he shared my bivouac for a short hour in a snowy field behind the Battle of Arras. He had come forward, I suppose, to "appreciate the situation," and together we studied his map and made marks on it. He was characteristically frank about the usual soldier-topics, the weather, the staff, and so forth, and he passed on to us two very tolerable new jokes.

FLYING—PROBLEMS TO COME.—When Lord Cecil declared that the invention of flying was the greatest curse that ever befell humanity, he was thinking chiefly of the aeroplane's influence on war strategy and of the bombing of open towns. But, quite apart from flying as a new and terrible weapon of war, his brave declaration is a universal condemnation. The aeroplane in peace must increasingly revolutionise human life and bring in its train new miseries, new causes of nerve strain, danger to life and property and the health of the peoples of the world. Compensating advantages are hard to find. We are only beginning to understand the implications of achieving "air mindedness," of making flying the ordinary means of locomotion for the millions. We expend our pity for the old and middle-aged in the dictator countries in which youth is triumphant. We can appreciate what it means to hundreds of thousands of people to be uprooted from the traditions and habits of thought and action in which they were born. But hitherto we have tempered our sympathy with the reflection that at least their *minds* remained their own, their castles still unconquered. But what when the mind itself is stormed and men and women of the older generations can no longer even think in peace? That is coming. The past weeks of air activity in Britain have shown us all over the country a little sample of what human life in England is going to become in the years immediately ahead. We are only in the first chapter of air activity, yet already we have seen and heard enough to know that henceforth a life endurable by the standards inculcated in us is passing from us. The middle-aged and old have had no chance to acquire the art of *conquering the distraction of noise*. We cannot think, speak, or even carry out mechanical tasks under that distraction. True, we have grown used to the noise of motor traffic, but we have had up to now a way of escape. It has been possible to get away from the roads which carry the traffic. But now that will go. The air is one broad road. No corner of England will be remote or safe. The aeroplane can go everywhere. That noise is an evil to health and sanity most leading medical men agree and combine to point out, and to combat the evil. We are only on the threshold of this new terror of noise from the air.

CART BEFORE HORSE.—The problems and miseries which lie ahead are complex, and urgent is the need for seeking solutions. The silencing of engines is only one of them. There is the very real problem of third-party risks to be tackled. The law of trespass has yet to be examined, and the text books on torts to be rewritten. Suddenly we are brought face to face with a new and terrible truth: The invention and popularisation of flying has revolutionised human life as never before it was revolutionised. Our life is in the melting pot and in these islands in particular there is no longer an acre of sanctuary which can be guaranteed a decade hence. It is, all things considered, a pretty grim and startling awakening. I have had a letter or two from robust citizens pointing out how this head-shaking reveals a mean and faint-hearted nature. How the development of flying assures to the rising generation scope for the practice of courage, initiative, resource—all essential qualities. No doubt that is true. But the criticism suggests that those who shake their heads imagine that growling can have some effect on retarding the development of flying. As well one might try to dam Niagara with a puff. The growls are no more than a warning to those in authority to plan ahead to mitigate the evils which flying in the present stage of scientific invention and of organisation must bring in its train. If and when peace comes, the growls will become ferocious.

No. 2, THE PINES.—Once a week regularly (for I am no privileged motorist) I am held up by the signals at the foot of Putney Hill, opposite "No. 2, the Pines." I never fail then to think of Swinburne and his housemate, Watts-Dunton. Last week-end I read that Mrs. Watts-Dunton had died at No. 2, and it seemed to me a strange and arresting link with the past. I had no notion that the continuity of Swinburne memories had been so long continued in that dreadful house. Yet, in fact, the events are not so remote. Swinburne survived till 1909. Mrs. Watts-Dunton, who married in 1905, was forty years younger than her husband, who died the year of the war. The widow decided to live on in her house of memories. We owe to her almost all our most vivid light on the peculiarities of Swinburne's habits and character, of the prosaic flights of Ariel in smug suburbia.

THE OLD STAGER



FOR PEACE IN OUR TIME: Two nurses from neighbouring Westminster Hospital looking at the notice posted outside Westminster Abbey before visiting the tomb of the Unknown Warrior round which thousands knelt in silent intercession for peace during the crisis. On some days there was a constant stream of people to the shrine and throughout the nights supplicants continued to file in and kneel in silent prayer

THE TANGLED SKEIN OF CZECH AFFAIRS

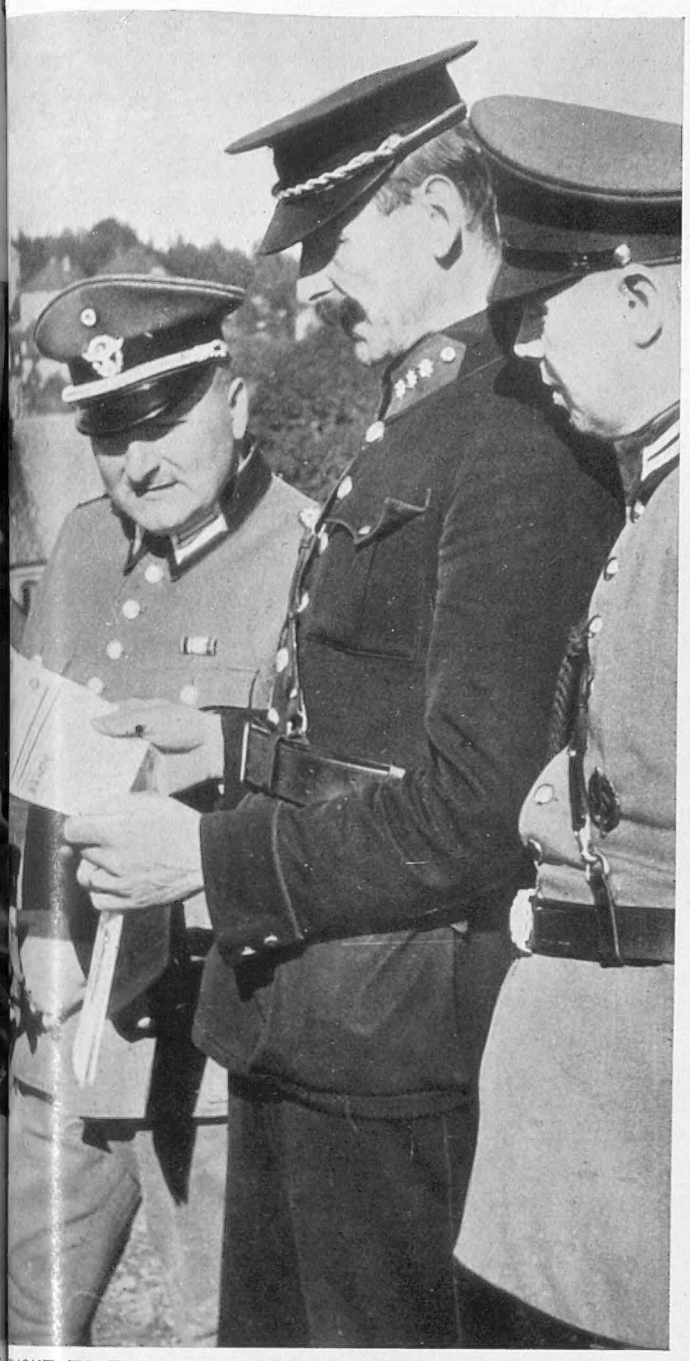
Hungary and Poland, Following in Germany's Wake, Call the World's Attention to the Situation of Their Peoples Living Within the Republic

UNMINDFUL OF THE STORM ABOUT HIM: This youngster, with his playthings, was pictured asleep in the Masaryk Stadium at Prague where the Czech Government has provided temporary accommodation for 3,000 refugees from Sudetenland; families which, fearing further rioting and even war, decided to make a bid for safety. Few of the refugees could be given proper beds, straw mattresses and blankets being made to serve the purpose

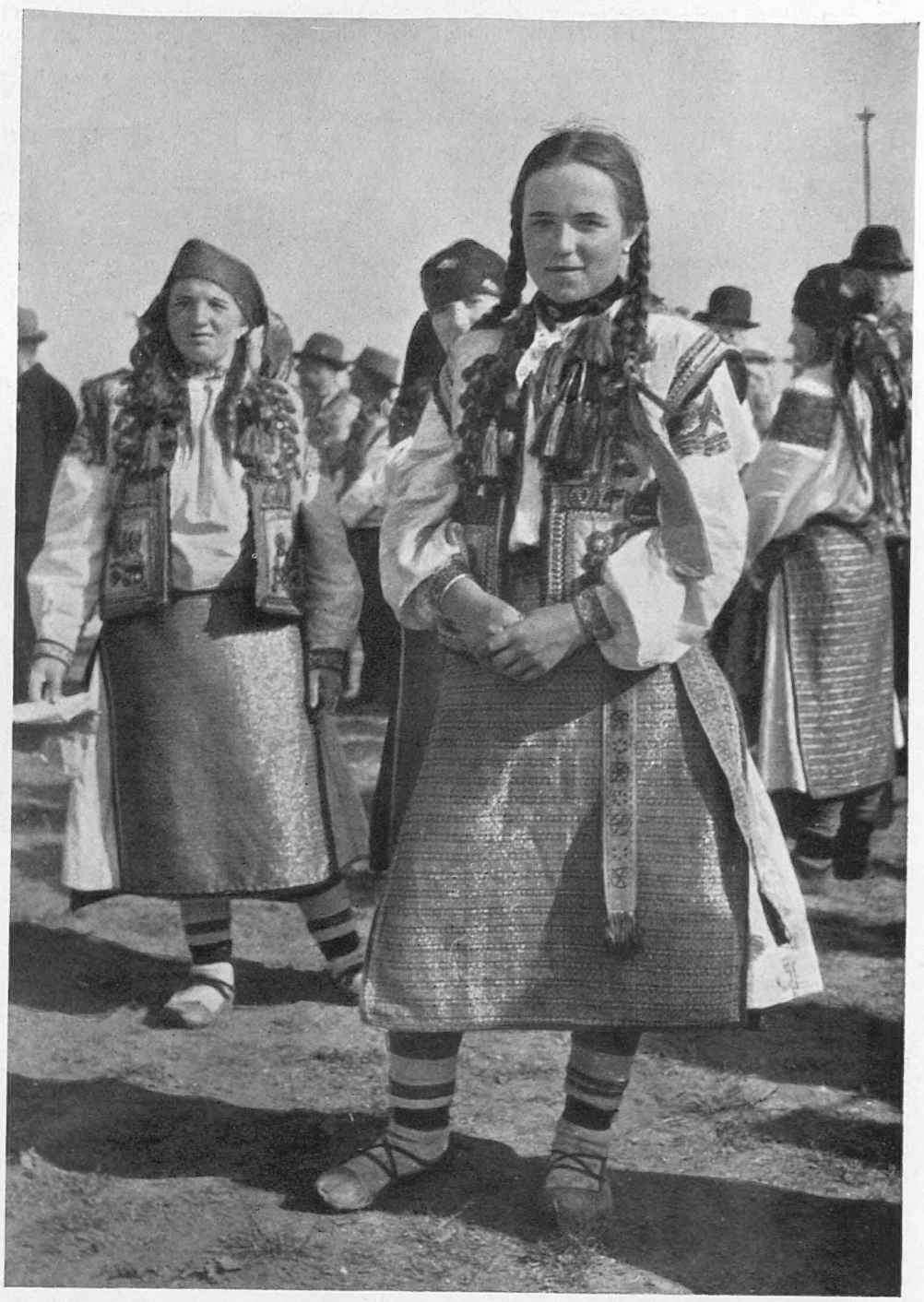
CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S NEW WAR MINISTER: General Syrovy, whose appointment to this important key post has been regarded with much satisfaction in the republic. He believes that Czechoslovakia, with its highly-organised system of frontier fortifications and its plentiful armaments, could only be attacked successfully by an army four times the size of the defending force

MIDDLE EUROPE TO-DAY: A sketch map showing the way in which Greater Germany now envelops western Czechoslovakia on three sides, and also the immense length of the republic, which is 600 miles from tip to tip and borders four countries. During the past week the Poles have reaffirmed their claim to the Teschen district of Czechoslovakia where, they say, 100,000 of their countrymen now live in bondage and are deserving of just as much consideration as the Sudetens. Polish Army manœuvres have been taking place near the Czech border

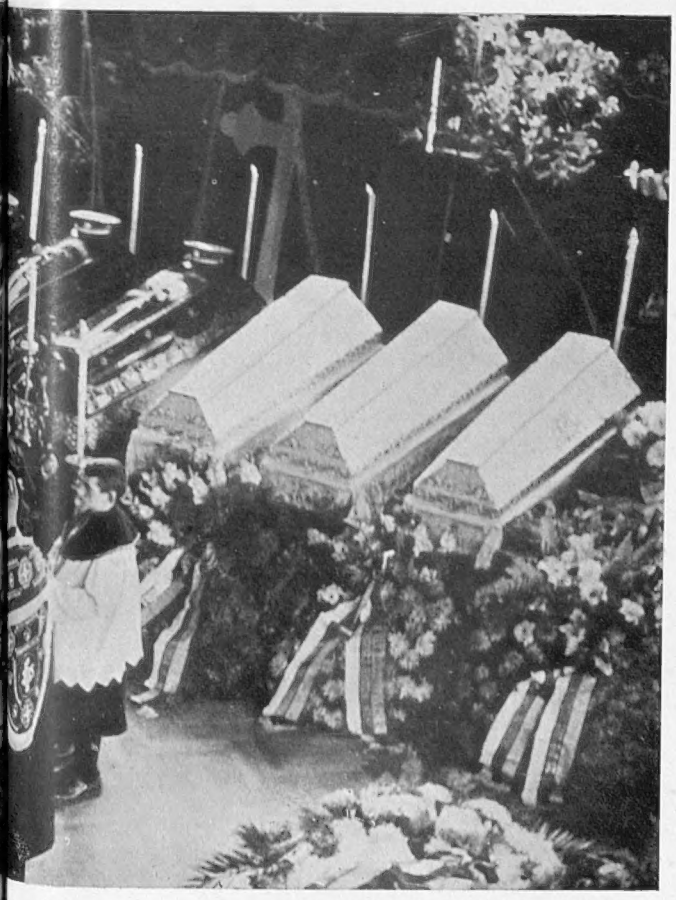
VICTIMS OF GERMAN-CZECH VIOLENCE: Coffins bearing the remains of some of those killed in the recent fighting in the Sudeten district of Falkenau, where serious clashes followed Chancellor Hitler's speech at Nuremberg and the declaration of martial law by the Prague



FLIGHT TO THE REICH: A Sudeten German policeman (centre), in Czech uniform, seen with two German policemen after he had voluntarily crossed into German territory at Barenstein, Saxony, there to assist in the formation of Herr Heinlein's Freekorps. Last Monday 20,000 of these Sudeten refugees, many of whom were wanted on treason and other charges by the Czechoslovakian authorities, assembled in Dresden at a mass meeting, clamouring for "revenge against the Czechs"



YET ANOTHER MINORITY: A group of typical Ruthenian peasants wearing their national dress. They dwell in the far east of Czechoslovakia and constitute, like the Sudetens and the Magyars, one of the several restless minorities that go to make up the state carved from the wreck of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. They are essentially Russian in origin, and are educationally backward



uthorities. Among the dead were three Czech gendarmes. How many lives ve been lost on each side it is quite impossible to estimate at this ncture, as the details given in German newspapers have not, as might expected, agreed in any single instance with those published in the ech papers. Falkenau has been the scene of the most desperate clashes

HOW HUNGARY WAS TRIMMED BY WAR: A sketch map showing the country as it is to-day (dark portion) and as it was (shaded portion) before the peace treaties caused its division among middle European neighbours, including the new Czechoslovakian Republic. The Hungarian Government has during the past week made known its "opposition to any settlement of the Czechoslovak crisis which gives the Sudeten Germans to Germany but does not give the Hungarian minority to Hungary. Any such discrimination," it is urged, "would have catastrophic consequences'"

THE TWO-WAY FLIGHT FROM

A TROUBLED FRONTIER TOWN: This notice stands on one of the main roads leading into what the Sudetens call Eger and the Czechs call Cheb. When rioting occurred there following the Hitler Nuremberg speech, the Sudetens dealt in characteristic fashion with all such signs, obliterating the word Cheb as an indication of their refusal to recognise Czech authority

THE EASTWARD EXODUS: A scene at a Czech frontier town as Czechs, and also left-wing Germans, having no sympathy with Nazi aims, were about to leave by bus for Prague, being fearful of further troubles. There was a general flight from the Sudeten area at the end of last week, for, in addition to those who made for Prague, numbers of Sudetens crossed the frontier into Germany where they joined a Volunteer Corps formed by Herr Henlein

PRAGUE ANXIOUSLY SCANS THE NEWS

Citizens in the Czech capital buy papers hot from the press to learn the latest development in the situation following Mr. Chamberlain's announcement of his intention to visit Herr Hitler; a step that aroused much discussion in the Republic

VICTIMS OF THE STORM: An elderly woman refugee and her grandchild impelled to leave their homes on the German-Czech frontier by the threat of ri... and war, pictured on arrival in Prague, where with some thousands of othe... in like plight they have been accommodated by the Czech Government. ... large number of them have been housed and fed in the Masaryk Stadium

SUDETENLAND: And Other Facets of the German-Czech Situation During Last Week

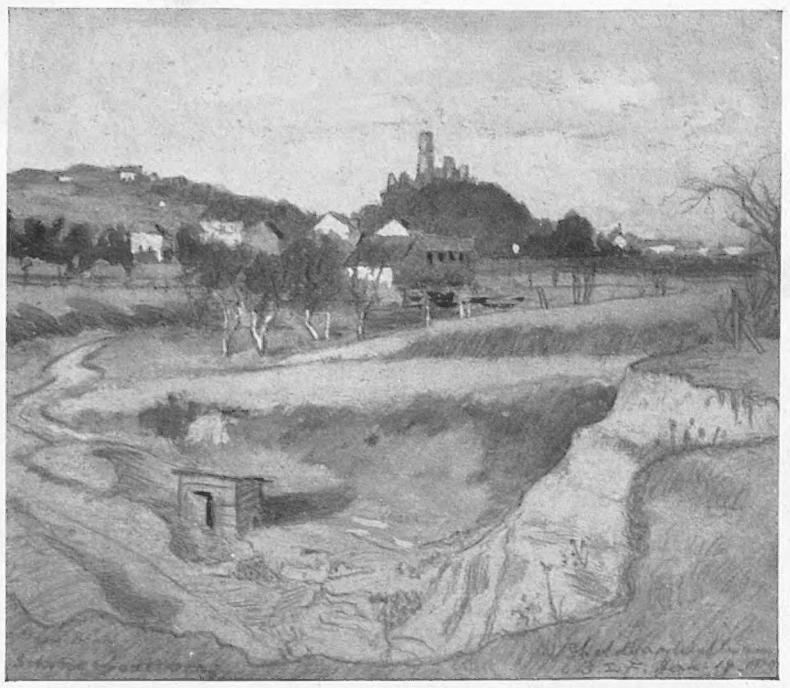
THE WESTWARD EXODUS: Sudeten Germans about to entrain at a Czechoslovakian station for Germany where at the beginning of this week 20,000 of them were reported to have arrived, some of the male refugees immediately joining the Volunteer Corps organised by Herr Henlein, who himself crossed the frontier after the Czech Government had issued a warrant for his arrest. A few of the Sudetens later returned to Czechoslovakia, being dissatisfied with their reception

A QUESTION OF TONGUE: This notice of an impending sale, posted up in the Sudeten town of Eger, headquarters of the Henleinists, was, in accordance with normal procedure, printed in Czech and German. Fanatical Sudetens defaced the Czech part just to show their defiance. For a long while past such defacement has been a regular occurrence

st outside the city, sleeping on mattresses laid out n the long corridors below the grandstand. Many of em may never return to their homes, having no sire to associate any further with the Germanic in- ences that have brought such trouble into their lives

SUDETEN REFUGEES IN A GERMAN CAMP

Two of the younger Sudeten Germans, 20,000 of whom flocked last week across the frontier from Czechoslovakia into Saxony and Bavaria, there to be accommodated in special camps, barns, and schoolrooms until the crisis was resolved. Some of the male refugees were at once put to work on fortification building



SCHLOSS GODESBERG: An impression by Inglis Sheldon-Williams of the castle dominating the Rhenish town which was selected by Herr Hitler as a suitable place for his second meeting with Mr. Chamberlain, giving the Premier a much less arduous journey than if he had gone again to Berchtesgaden

GODESBERG: Memories of the Town where Premier and Chancellor Agreed to Meet this Week

LAST week Mr. Chamberlain flew by air to Munich and thence journeyed by train to Berchtesgaden, there to discuss with Chancellor Hitler ways and means of clearing up the German–Czech dispute. On the Premier's return he stated: "In a few days I am going to have another talk with Herr Hitler; only this time he has told me it is his intention to come half way to meet me. That is to spare an old man such another long journey."

As a result, the two leaders agreed to meet at Godesberg, a little town on the Rhine, a drawing of which by Inglis Sheldon-Williams appears herewith. "What a different occasion this is," writes Mr. Sheldon-Williams, "from that drizzling day on December 13, 1918, when on the Bonn bridge-head hard by this pleasant resort of Godesberg I watched the horse of the first outrider of the conquering column set foot on the bridge, and a woman in the crowd burst into tears as her *wacht am Rhein* gave way.

"That was when I was collecting material at the front for Canadian war memorial pictures and was attached to Canadian headquarters. After the armistice we moved on behind the retreated Germans, our route taking us through the Ardennes to Bonn. My first impression of Bonn is of a lady stepping off the pavement into the gutter to make room for me to pass. I was in uniform, of course, had taken French leave as usual, and went to Bonn in an H.Q. car a day ahead of the corps, and for all the lady knew I might have been an officer of importance. Anyhow, one always makes way for the military in Germany.

"I got to Godesberg by accident. After doing Bonn, I dodged the officer in charge of us—they tell me Augustus John turned his hair grey—and slipped away up the Rhine to see something of the famous scenery between Bonn and Coblenz; the Siebengebirge and the Drachenfels. I was minded to go as far as the Lorelei rock, but they haled me back to Bonn.

"However, I had three or four days in Godesberg, inviting myself as guest of the Canadian colonel who was very comfortably quartered in the principal hotel, where you have your coffee on the terrace beside the Rhine. For all I know, this very hotel may have been the scene of the momentous meeting this week. I forget its name. I little thought that less than twenty years later an incident would be staged here which, in its far-reaching consequences for the whole world, may even dwarf the events that had carried me to Godesberg on their current."

EUROPE'S MOMENTOUS WEEK: *The German-Czech Situation Reviewed*

By C. F. MELVILLE

WHEN Mr. Neville Chamberlain met Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden, the Führer told him that the German-Czech question must be settled peacefully by the end of this month or else Germany would settle it herself by forcible means.

On Sunday last the British and French Ministers agreed upon a plan, for Mr. Chamberlain to submit to Herr Hitler. By the time this article is in print, Mr. Chamberlain will doubtless have met Herr Hitler at Bad Godesberg and it will be known over this week-end whether or not the Führer will have given his assent. In the meantime the plan has been submitted to Dr. Benesh, and, at the time of writing, it is not yet known whether the Czechoslovak President will say yes or no.

The Chamberlain-Daladier agreement was understood to provide for the following:—

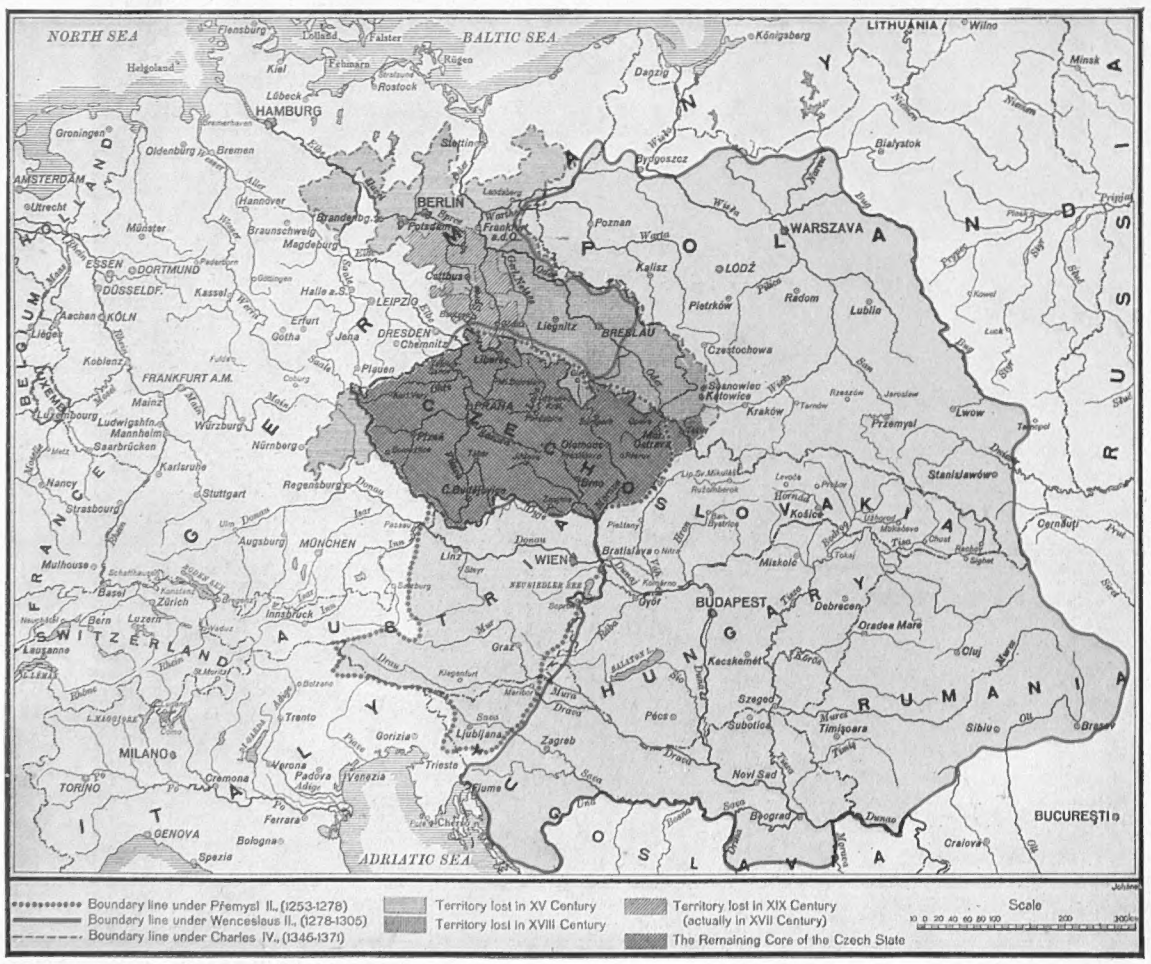
That Czechoslovakia should hand over to Germany those Sudeten districts where there is a German majority of over 50 per cent.; That Czechoslovakia should give up her alliances with France and Russia and with her Rumanian and Yugoslav partners in the Little Entente; *Per contra*, there should be a Central European Locarno in which Czechoslovakia should enter into arbitration agreements with her immediate neighbours, the integrity of Czechoslovakia being guaranteed by the Great Powers.

The plan does, it is true, involve a new commitment for Britain, this being the first time this country has agreed to guarantee anything east of the Rhine. But the guarantee aspect of the matter is very largely a matter of window dressing on the part of the British and French Governments. For guarantee or no guarantee, the fact remains that the Anglo-French plan gives to Herr Hitler all the things he has been demanding, as follows: The union with Germany of the greater part of the Sudetenland; the breaking of the Czech-Russian alliance; the disruption of the Little Entente; the virtual German hegemony of Europe from the Baltic to the Balkans.

If the plan goes through, as most people seem to think it will, it will also mean new alignments in Europe. I have already suggested that, after this German victory over Britain and France, such countries as Poland and the Balkan states will not unnaturally endeavour to get on good terms with Germany. Finally, there is Russia. Russia may very well revenge herself for this new situation—indeed the signs are already not lacking—by adopting an entirely new foreign policy. She may very possibly abandon the League of Nations, bring to an end such collaboration with the Western Powers as she at present has, and, in the last resort, even try to come to terms with Germany. This may sound fantastic. As an eventuality it is not so mad as it sounds.

Many people in this country at the moment make the mistake of thinking that the Czechoslovak state was created by the Treaty of Versailles. Actually the creation—or rather the re-creation, for under the old name of Bohemia it had previously had centuries of independence—of Czechoslovakia was one of the Allied war aims before the end of the war of 1914–1918. Czechoslovakia came into being as the result of the collapse of the Habsburg empire. It was not a synthetic, artificial creation of Versailles.

Before the war ended, a Czechoslovak National Council sat in Paris. Before the end of June, 1918, the French Government recognised the National Council as the supreme organ representing the Czechoslovak nation. Similar recognitions were given by the other Allied governments during August and September of that year. Later in the year an interim Czechoslovak government was created which received the *de jure* recognition of the Allied Powers during October. Modern Czechoslovakia therefore came into actual and legal existence before the Peace Conference started.



BOHEMIA THROUGH THE AGES: This map reveals the way in which this famed region, at present part of the Czechoslovakian Republic, has expanded and contracted, starting with the time of Premysl II (1253–1278). Bohemia has not always been under an alien yoke; indeed, as the accompanying article shows, it enjoyed many centuries of independence

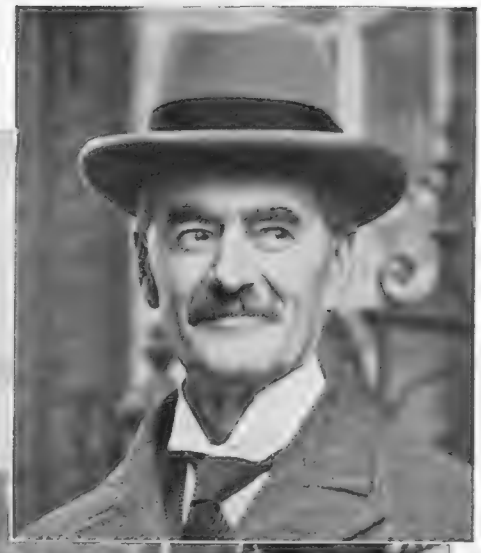
Historically, the kingdom of Bohemia (Bohemia–Moravia, or the present Bohemian and Moravian provinces of Czechoslovakia) existed from about the year 900 A.D. In this connection a comparison between old German (and other) maps and modern maps is illuminating. It shows that the medieval and the modern frontiers between Germany and Czechoslovakia are almost identical. Even when, during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, Czech independence and culture disappeared under the rule of the Habsburgs, the Germanisation of Bohemia was Austrian, not what would to-day be called Reich German.

Originally Bohemia was peopled by Slavs. The Germans came about the year 1200 as colonisers. There has since been a great deal of intermarriage. This accounts for the emergence of a distinctively "Bohemian" type. It accounts also for the very mixed population of the Sudetenland. Czech villages with German countrysides, and vice versa. Herr Henlein, himself, is Czech on his mother's family side. Dr. Seyss-Inquart, the Austrian Nazi leader, has a name of Czech origin. In Czech it means—oddly enough—"running rabbit." The present Nazi district leader at Vienna has the Slovene name of Glabochnich. A number of Czechs have the name Deutsch, and a number of Sudeten Germans have the name Czech.

Bohemia, as a medieval kingdom, sometimes had frontiers extending through what is now Poland to the Baltic, and sometimes extending southwards to include Hungary. For a long time it had a special relation to the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, and provided at least one Holy Roman German Emperor. But it was always a sovereign state until, after the battle of the White Mountain, it was subjected by the House of Austria. The independent Czechoslovak Republic we have known in recent years is, therefore, the resurrection of the historic kingdom of Bohemia–Moravia, plus Slovakia, which had been under Hungary during the time Bohemia-Moravia had been under Austria.

THE PREMIER FLIES TO SEE HERR HITLER

A Dramatically Bold and Unexpected Move In the Midst of International Crisis



IN THE LONG SHADOWS OF THE EARLY MORNING THEY WATCHED HIM GO: Londoners waving good luck to Mr. Chamberlain as he left Whitehall by car on Thursday of last week, bound on his peace mission to Chancellor Hitler at Berchtesgaden. The world will always respond to a stroke of signal moral courage directed to a noble purpose, and this is how it interpreted the Prime Minister's dramatically sudden announcement that he intended to fly to Germany for a man-to-man talk with the leader of the Reich in the hope of settling the German-Czech crisis. "I place strong reliance," said Mr. Chamberlain a year ago at the Albert Hall, "upon personal contact between influential statesmen." In pursuing his policy of European appeasement, he has never once wavered from that view.

THE DEPARTURE FROM HESTON: The scene at the aerodrome as Mr. Chamberlain's plane was about to set off on the peace mission which has aroused such enthusiasm and last week brought new hope to Europe at a moment of the darkest tension. As the Premier stepped into the machine he said:—"*I am going to meet the German Chancellor because the situation seems to me to be one in which personal conversations between him and me might have useful results. My policy has always been to try to ensure peace, and the Führer's ready acceptance of my suggestion encourages me to hope that my visit to him will not be without results.*"

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PARIS IN CRISIS TIME:

No Panic, No Hysteria, But, on the Part of the Menfolk, an Insatiable Interest in Current Technical War Books

HOT FROM THE PRESS: Of recent days the Parisian newsvendor has done a roaring trade, dispensing the latest tidings of the German–Czech crisis

By F. E. DEAN

PARIS is in no panic, but, in the most unlikely quarters there, one sees signs of the critical times. Bookshop windows that normally are filled with *belles lettres* now display treatises on military defence, biographies of strategists, and such significant titles as: *The German Army, a History of the Renewal of the German Forces, Some German Opinions on "Barrages," Military Lessons of the Civil War in Spain. Histoire de L'Armée Française*, by General Weygand of the French Academy, is offered in three editions, ranging from paper-covered to morocco-bound.

Our first intimation of the interest in this sort of reading came on the train from Calais to Paris. The large, handsome, blue-eyed Frenchman who shared our Pullman seat was deeply engrossed in a paper-covered book entitled *Si la Guerre Eclatait*. His pretty wife, unable to distract his attention from the chapter on "Fundamentals of Defence," consoled herself with tea in English fashion.

Large posters throughout the city urge that "The defence of the country needs modern and powerful armaments. Subscribe to National Defence Bonds." Groups of soldiers in uniform, with rifles and kit bags, entrain daily at the underground "Metro" stations.

In spite, however, of these and other signs that Paris is aware of danger, there is no hysteria. The newspapers maintain, on the whole, a quiet tone, and the cafés are as constantly thronged as ever. Our hotel manager remarked that Paris had never before had so many visitors in September. Early in the month relief trains had to be provided to accommodate the many travellers from England.

The 40-hour week is still causing agitation. In answer to the Premier's declaration that it must be modified, Socialist posters reply in immense black letters: NON, M. DALADIER! Some of the largest department stores in Paris remain closed on Mondays, their windows placarded with notices that they cannot cope with the confusion that would result from a rotating staff, and therefore they prefer to open only five full days a week.

Restaurant waiters told us that the new system works well enough for them, under reasonable proprietors, without any increase in staff. During slack hours fewer remain on duty, and in the evenings the restaurant closes an hour earlier than before. "Under a good *patron*," smiled one waiter with a shrug of the shoulders, "we don't trouble about a few extra minutes now and then." This compromise thwarts half the purpose of the bill, which aims to give employment to more people as well as more leisure to the employed.

The impression one gets in most of the restaurants is that they are understaffed during rush hours, with the approval, it seems, of the staff. Never anywhere else have I seen weary-looking waitresses race about with such willing efficiency as they do in the low-priced restaurants of Paris.

On "Boule Miche" a genial waiter inquired eagerly about London. He had worked here and at Brighton for several years. "When I was young," he explained, "and unmarried, I could go anywhere. Now I stay here." He shrugged, expressing how marriage ties a man. But he had seen the Royal procession when Their Majesties, our King and Queen, recently visited Paris.

Although parts of Montmartre have been commercialised for the decoying of tourists, small cafés and restaurants can still be found where artists and gourmets gather to enjoy good food, good wine, and good company at a moderate cost. After running the gauntlet of white-coated, gesticulating, welcoming waiters from high-priced, out-of-doors, cabaret-restaurants in the Rue du Tertre, one escapes into a quiet small place with a big name: The *Restaurant du Consulat d'Auvergne et de l'Embrassade de Savoie*. Here the chef's *Riz de Veau aux Champignons* vies for admiration with paintings by M. L. Patureau. M. Patureau himself, in a long white linen coat, is one of a group sipping aperitifs at the bar. His small dark eyes are beadlike and bright as a bird's. His complexion is fresh, his hair grey, his smile benign, his beautiful long hands look firm and efficient. The chef, upon whom one gazes with almost equal respect, emerges from his kitchen during a culinary lull.

He drops into a chair near the bar and lights a cigarette, stroking meditatively the grey cat that has jumped into his lap. The large blue and white checks of his shirt evidently belie his nature. The painter, M. Patureau, laughs and jests; his creations hang on the wall above his head. The chef sits aloof and melancholy, gazing into space; his creations are forever being eaten. Not one of them will remain when he is gone to attest that he, too, in his own sphere, was an artist.

A visit to the collection of nineteenth-century paintings at the Louvre reminds an English visitor of the many names of that century still lacking in the exhibit that is slowly maturing in our own National Gallery. But it is consoling to observe that what Cezannes we have, and our few Renoirs, compare favourably with any single example of either at the Louvre. It is strange, and rather amusing, in that immense concourse of French painters, to come upon one solitary English canvas: a small, unfinished landscape by Constable.

A dramatised version of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, played by an English company, has made a promising debut at L'Oeuvre Theatre.

Coming back from Paris, where so much life is lived in the open cafés along brightly lighted streets, one finds London on a Saturday evening cold and stern—the people shut in behind closed doors and drawn shutters. But how solid and how prosperous London looks to the eyes of its returning sons and daughters!

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: Cadets of St. Cyr Military College arriving back, having been ordered to return from their holidays on account of the crisis

AMERICA'S NOT SO SUNNY SOUTH

The Sad Plight of the Former Confederate States—Holding Back Prosperity Throughout the United States

By NELSON SPRINGER

ALMOST everyone who reads English has heard of the "sunny south." In song and story it is celebrated as a land of noble mansions, of great plantations, of splendid horses, of beautiful women, of good whisky, and of brave and chivalrous gentlemen. But the sunny south has never been, is not now, and may never be very "sunny." For more than a century it has been the United States' chief liability. Perhaps the greatest misfortune that ever befell the United States was that it won the civil war. It would have been so much better off if it had not been compelled to go on carrying the sunny south on its back.

First, there was slavery. Then there have been floods, never paid for by the south but by the country as a whole. Then there has been the national disgrace of the brutal prison camps and the abominable practice of lynching negroes, crippling the United States in every diplomatic discussion involving a humane objective. Nor can it be forgotten that north of the Mason and Dixon line a southerner's credit is not particularly good, and that southern "investments" are scrutinised with a fishy eye.

To-day, one of the chief curses of the south is low wages. It is not certain that the southern employer is more callous than the northern employer; but he can, and does, pay less . . . much less. On an average, about half as much. According to the recent report made by the National Emergency Council to President Roosevelt, the average income of a southern family during 1937 was 314 dollars. This compared with an average family income of 604 dollars for the rest of the country. Neither income is sufficient to support a family in the United States; but the southern income is tragically inadequate. It means literally slow starvation.

The National Emergency Council's recent report reveals the sunny south to be still what it has always been, a growth sapping the vitality of the body politic, except that now, after nine years of depression, it is measurably worse. It is this fact which gives point to the analysis, because, although few might be concerned for the plight of the south as such, the fact that it exerts a determining influence on the country as a whole gives it an importance that cannot be ignored. It is even doubtful whether, as long as there is a sunny south, there can ever be brought to pass those social and economic reforms which President Roosevelt has sought to advance.

The report states, for example, that, of the 8,000,000 families resident in the south, 50 per cent. are badly in need of re-housing. This applies to a territory including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas.

The report states further that the problem is singularly acute and undoubtedly national in its significance, first, because the southern market is potentially the largest and richest undeveloped market in the United States; second, because the low wage-scale not only makes it impossible for the average southerner to buy enough to eat, but likewise impossible for him to buy manufactured goods from the north; and third, because this condition cuts profits and reduces employment in the north.

Numerous startling facts were developed by the council's investigation. Notwithstanding the region's endless cotton-fields, its great tobacco crop, its timber, its turpentine forests, its phosphorus, its potash, its helium, its petroleum, its natural gas, it is the poorest, most utterly squalid and destitute section of the country. It is the land of the "poor white trash," despised—and justly—even by the lowly and oppressed negro. It includes 28 per cent. of the country's population, but has only 16 per cent. of its available assets.

The wealthiest southern state has a lower *per capita* income than the poorest state in any other part of the country. In 1935 the assessed valuation of taxable property in the south was 463 dollars *per capita*, as compared with 1,370 dollars *per capita* in the north-eastern states. The endowments of all of the colleges and universities in the south were less than the combined endowments of Yale and Harvard.

Again, the south is rapidly becoming a land of the very young and the very old. People of employable age are leaving it for other sections of the country, in search of higher wages. Workers who know the wage-scale in El Paso, Texas, for example, shun it as they would the devil. The shrinking labour supply, which inevitably drains the region of the most competent labour, and leaves the most incompetent behind, offers no sound basis of improvement, unless, indeed, the situation thus created should become so acute with the passing of years as eventually to enforce higher wages. It wasn't long ago that a friend of mine in Miami, Florida, complained to me that the city was depleted of all save "Bahama niggers." "All good niggers go north," was his plaint. "Can you blame them?" I asked; and he didn't like that.

It is notable, and sinister, moreover, that southern farmers buy four-fifths of what they eat! The late Will Rogers conducted an endless jeremiad against this condition, but his words were probably never noted by those who most needed to read them and take them to heart.

"WHAT WE HAVE WE HOLD": This is the significant, and freely displayed, motto of the Czech army

CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN HER HOUR OF CRISIS

Facets of Life in the Middle European Republic

HEADLINES REFLECT THE TENSION: The front page of a Czech newspaper bearing a portrait of Lord Runciman, Britain's unofficial mediator in the German-Czech dispute. The Prague press has of late acted with admirable restraint

GAS MASKS FOR THE MILLION: A Czech schoolgirl being fitted with a juvenile respirator in a Prague departmental store. Gas masks are on sale in shops throughout the capital, and can be had for the Czech equivalent of about 17s. 6d. in English money

WHERE TRADITION LINGERS: A Prague night-watchman with the old curved horn he employs for sounding the hour, his pikestaff, and the curious emblem which hangs from his shoulders. For 300 years and more the men of his calling have been thus picturesquely garbed

TAKING NO CHANCES: A tiny, dark-haired Czech girl about to be fitted with a juvenile-type gas mask in a Prague store. There are very few members of the population who are not now equipped with respirators, and large bodies of children have been trained how to wear them in all conditions and how to keep them in working order

MINORITY LEADERS MEET: Graf Esterhazy, leader of the Hungarian group in Czechoslovakia, and Herr Kundt, of the Sudeten German Party, at a recent meeting in Prague

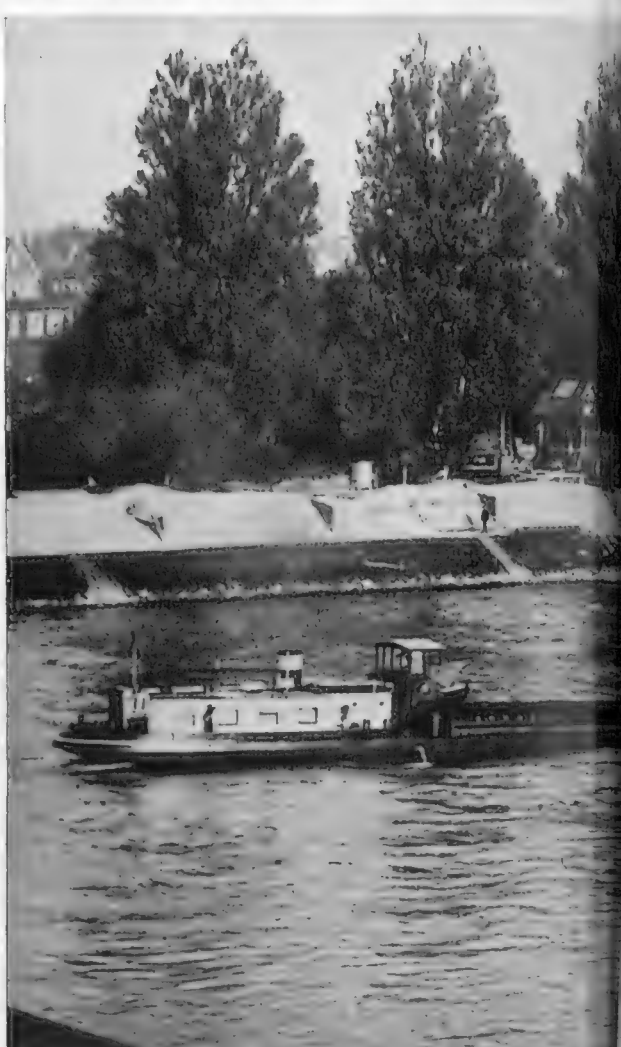
A STATELY THOROUGHFARE: To the superficial observer the renowned Wenceslaus Avenue in Prague has remained its bustling, carefree self in the days of crisis, reflecting the determination of the Czech people to carry on normally despite international tension. Prague has known many ups and downs in its long history, and it was near there in 1757 that Frederick the Great put to flight the Austrian forces before laying siege to the city itself

GERMANY RETAINS THE WAR HORSE

GERMAN CAVALRY ON PARADE: It is significant that in these days of intensive mechanisation in Europe the Reich has not entirely discarded the horse as a factor in war, and, in the light of her territorial ambitions and the varied terrain of some of her frontier regions, this fact has a present and logical interpretation. Czechoslovakia has also retained the horse to a remarkable degree, particularly in her mountain artillery units. Britain has been more sweeping in her adoption of mechanisation

THE HORSE ARTILLERY is still an active unit in the German army and, apart from the fact that it is often capable of operating with greater efficiency in mountainous terrain than a mechanised force, it must be borne in mind that the Reich probably has strictly limited supplies of petrol and therefore finds it more economical to employ the horse rather than the tractor. In the above picture a group of six-horse teams are seen drawing field guns with somewhat heavily-built trails. Five men are riding on the limbers

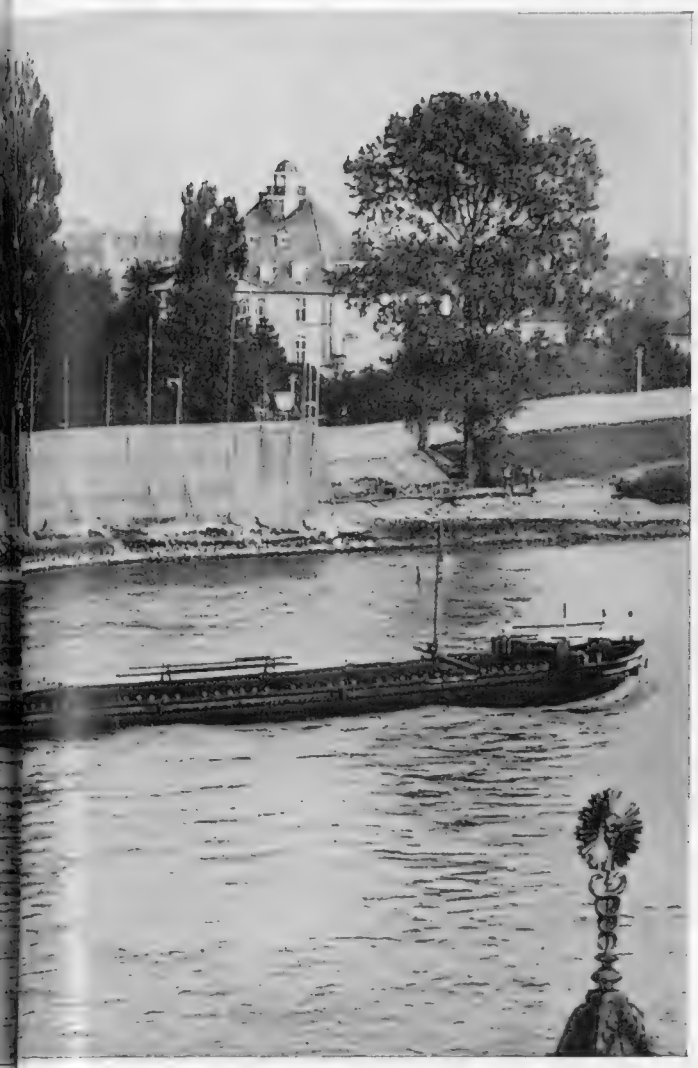
FORTIFYING THE RIGHT



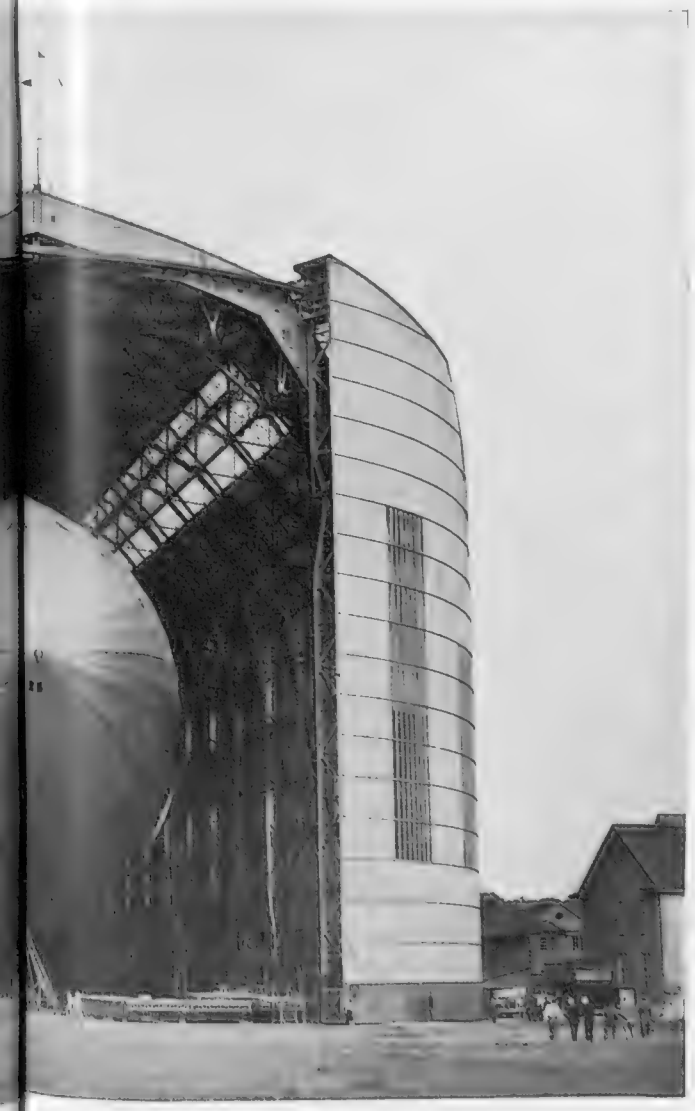
WHERE FRANCE AND GERMANY COME FACE TO FACE: A section of the great concrete defences which Germany is now erecting along the river in the zone which, under the now flouted terms of Versailles, the Allies intended should remain de-militarised in perpetuity. Chancellor Hitler referred to these fortifications in his big Nuremberg speech, and there is no doubt that

THE REICH KEEPS HER FAITH IN THE AIRSHIP: The *Graf Zeppelin*, the German Zeppelin Company's latest craft, pictured in its hangar at Friedrichshafen, Lake Constance, before being named and launched by Count Hugo Eckener. The *Graf Zeppelin* has since run its trials with hydrogen as

BANK OF THE RHINE

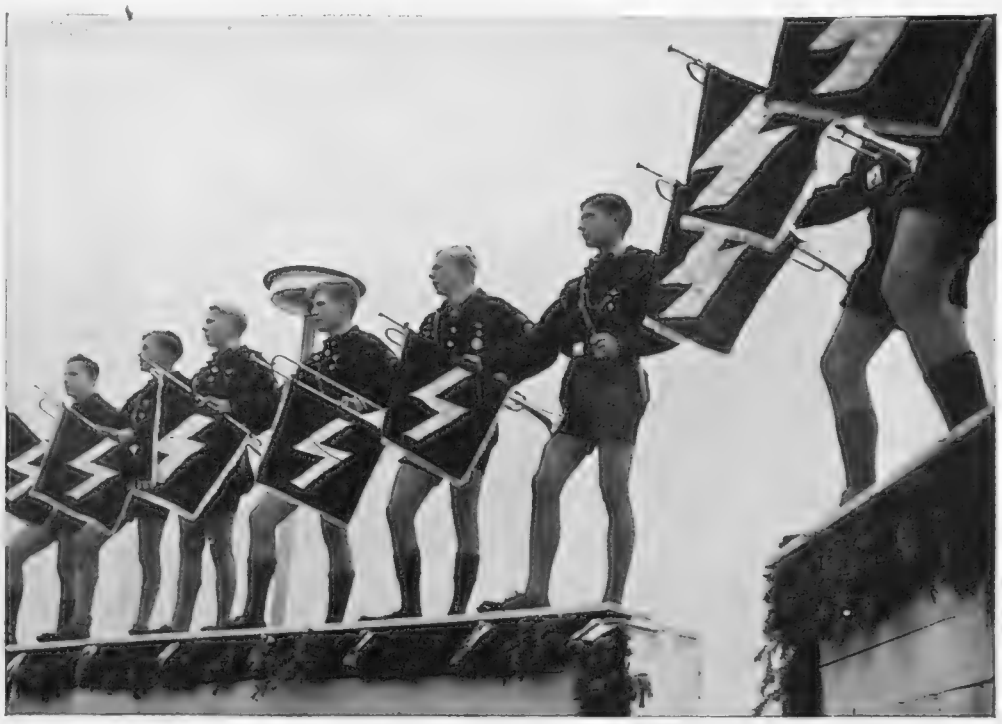


they are being pushed ahead at the utmost speed. Several hundred thousand conscripted workers of all trades, youths of the National Labour Service, and army engineers are jointly engaged upon the task, and, in the interests of secrecy, it has been decreed that German nationals over fifteen years of age must not come within the frontier zone without having an officially-endorsed photograph of identification



lifting medium, although the company decided after the destruction of the *Hindenburg* last year that their airships would in future fly only on non-inflammable helium. Since, however, the United States refused to supply Germany with that gas the engineers in Germany have been driven to discover a means of minimising the dangers of hydrogen

REGIMENTED YOUTH IN THE REICH



THE DRAMATIC TOUCH: Members of the Hitler Youth movement silhouetted against the sky with their banners and trumpets when they waited to blow a fanfare for the Führer on his arrival at the Zeppelin Field, Nuremberg, during the party rally. Between these days of pageantry Nazi youth is kept hard at work, with little spare time for individual pursuits as mass drilling paves the way for the day when the boy will be adjudged a man and permitted to bear arms

HITLER MAIDENS rehearsing patriotic songs in preparation for a performance in the presence of their Führer. They are members of the League of German Girls, an organisation which in the early years of the Nazi regime, when it was still wholly voluntary, made but slow progress, but is now steadily gathering in strength and importance. The main object of their training is to teach them "to take care of soldiers," in other words to be good housekeepers, good wives, and good mothers

NAZI VOICES IN UNISON: Aryan girlhood singing patriotic songs. A picture taken at Nuremberg during the Nazi Party Congress which this year was attended by many more women than ever before, as the Reich is paying increasing attention to their regimentation. In the Women's Labour Service camps the girls are taught to combine hard work with "rigid discipline" and suppression of the "ego." They rise at 4.30 a.m. and for them most days are meatless

ALEXANDRIA HARBOUR: One of the great ports on Britain's sea-route to India and the far east

THE ROYAL ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

Before Ever the Suez Canal Became a Reality, Britain Planned Her Bases With Vision, So That To-day She Can Regard Her Eastern Sea Lane Without Any Undue Misgiving

By LT.-COMMANDER KENNETH EDWARDS

IN these days of swift recurring crises we are prone to allow our attention to be focused upon one corner of the world to the exclusion of the larger issues. It is only now and again that some Government utterance reminds us of the eternal verities of British policy and the advice to "study large maps."

The narrow view never obscured the vision of our forefathers who built up the heritage of Empire. One has only to glance at a large map to marvel at the foresight and strategic perspicacity of the men who laid the foundations of Empire. The evidence is to be found all over the world, but nowhere is it so strong as upon the great trade route to India and the east. This is understandable, for during the period of imperial expansion the route to the east was all-important. Along it passed the virility of the finest colonisers the world has ever seen, and back along it came rich merchandise and tales of adventure which played no small part in ensuring a supply of manhood in the new colonies.

That was long before the Suez Canal was projected. The route to India was then round the Cape of Good Hope. Yet it seems that the men who built the British Empire must have visualised the great ditch between Africa and Asia which to-day carries such a volume of vital trade. Such settlements as Malta and Aden had no importance so far as the eastern route via the Cape was concerned, but the opening of the Suez Canal found Great Britain with a series of vital strategic links all along the new route to the east.

At first, these settlements were of use chiefly as depots for the supply of stores and as refitting stations. Long after their foundation they became vitally important fuelling stations. It was unwitting genius that secured for the British Empire settlements on the main trade route at intervals convenient to the fuel consumption of the modern ship. Then there arose threats to the continued British domination of this great eastern trade route through the Suez Canal, and the settlements became fortresses—sentinels of Empire.

The British Empire is fortunate indeed in holding the keys of two alternative routes to the east—that round the Cape of Good Hope, and that passing through the Suez Canal. During the great war we were forced for a time to divert shipping round the Cape in order to avoid the submarine-infested Mediterranean. Such steps could be taken again, but with less equanimity owing to the greater length of the sea passage and the reduction in the number of ships available. Nevertheless, the free passage of the Mediterranean to our ships remains one of the foundations of our foreign policy — a fact which has recently been made clear by more than one British statesman. The importance of the Mediterranean trade route to the British Empire is again stressed in the text of the Anglo-Egyptian Alliance of a year ago. This makes provision for the protection of the Suez Canal "in view of the fact that the Suez Canal, while being an integral part of Egypt, is a universal means of communication as also an essential means of communication between the different parts of the British Empire."

Throughout the 3,100-odd miles of this eastern trade route through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea there are potential menaces to the free passage of British ships. The fact that the freedom of this route is one of the main tenets of British policy bids one examine these potential menaces and compare them with the potential strength of the protection which could be afforded to our shipping in these waters.

The potential menaces have grown up on two counts —the possibility of strained relations with hitherto friendly powers, and the progress in weapons of attack.

At the point where the great eastern trade route enters the Mediterranean from the Atlantic stands one of the greatest sentinels of Empire—Gibraltar.

In recent weeks we have heard much of the alleged vulnerability of Gibraltar and the mounting of foreign guns on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar. Consideration of the strength of the Rock and of the ability of the Royal Navy to keep the Straits open, however, leads one to the belief that the theories that Gibraltar has become untenable are alarmist. The foreign guns would undoubtedly prove a nuisance if they were in hostile hands, but they would be little more.

The Rock is honeycombed with passages and underground stores. It is defended by guns mounted in such positions that they would be virtually immune to enemy fire, and its air defence, aided by the treacherous wind currents and the cloud which so often caps the Rock, is such that it would be the most difficult fortress in the world to raid from the air. Hostile guns on the heights behind San Roque and Algeciras would undoubtedly make the harbour and town dangerous—until they had been silenced. There is no reason to believe that this would not speedily be achieved. In discussing the question recently, the Parliamentary Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty concluded that, in the event of war with a hostile Spain it might prove necessary for us to occupy an area of southern Spain around Gibraltar. In other words, if one considers the Rock as a battleship, the development of weapons may make it necessary in certain circumstances to throw a screen around that battleship. This is the accepted custom in sea warfare and it has not made the battleship obsolete or more vulnerable.

On July 28 last year the Prime Minister stated that a full inquiry into the defences of Gibraltar had recently been held. That no change in our policy with regard to Gibraltar has been apparent is reassuring indication that the findings of the inquiry did not confirm the fears of the alarmists. Moreover, when Viscount Cranborne, then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stated that the only guns which commanded the fortress were inferior to those which could be trained upon them and that they did not constitute any present menace, he was speaking with the full authority of the recent expert inquiry.

The one lack at Gibraltar is an aerodrome, but much can be done with catapults or by the operation of an aircraft-carrier in the vicinity. The principal use of aircraft would be, moreover, to patrol the Straits rather than to contribute to the defence of the Rock itself.

On the stretch of 991 miles from Gibraltar to Malta the trade route passes along the North African coast as far as Cape Bon. Soon after leaving Gibraltar there is, perhaps, potential menace in that the normal route skirts the Spanish coast as far as Cape de Gata and then passes within raiding distance of the Balearic Islands. The north coast of Africa in this region, however, is French territory, and French protection of her vital trade route from Algiers to Marseilles is likely to give automatic protection to this section of the trans-Mediterranean route.

Farther east, after passing Cape Bon, there lies what is, geographically, the danger point. The trade route runs through the narrows, where less than 100 miles separate Sicily from Africa. Almost in the middle of this defile lies the Italian island of Pantellaria.

More than a year ago a considerable flutter was caused by the news that Italy was fortifying this island. In assessing these fortifications, however, certain facts were overlooked. In the first place the island had been, to some extent, fortified for many years. It is rocky and volcanic, and does not lend itself to the establishment of an air base of any magnitude. The sole harbour is fit only for small vessels, and the island lacks an adequate supply of fresh water. It is difficult to see how Pantellaria could be used except as a base for a few submarines and flying-boats. By reason of the position of the island, however, these could have a considerable effect upon the security of the Mediterranean trade route. Certain other factors must be taken into account if the true menace of this island is to be properly assessed. A submarine and flying-boat base must be vulnerable to air attack and to bombardment from the sea.

Pantellaria lies only 120 miles away from the large French naval and air base at Bizerta and only 150 miles from Malta. Those who would have us believe that Malta would be untenable in the event of a war against Italy because of its proximity to Sicily must concede that Pantellaria is as unhappily placed. The strength of Malta, moreover, is overwhelming by comparison with that of Pantellaria. One other matter did not appear to occur to those who raised outcry at the Italian fortification of Pantellaria—that the British Empire has never asked the permission of Italy or any other power to fortify Malta.

The eastern end of the narrow part of the Mediterranean is guarded by another of the pre-eminent fortresses of the British Empire—the island of Malta. The foundations of the strength of Malta were laid centuries ago, and the strength has been added to and added to until to-day it is certainly one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It has magnificent harbours which are peculiarly suited

(Continued on page 506)

VITAL PERIM: H.M.S. *Enterprise* anchored off this boulder-strewn island at the southern entrance to the Red Sea

THE PALESTINE ARAB DISCARDS THE TARBUSH BY ORDER

Adopting the Khafiyeh as a Symbol of Unity—An Alarming Increase of Terrorist Activity in the Holy Land—The Lydda–Jerusalem Line Wrecked

A DISTURBING FACTOR: Arab business men and market workers pictured near the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem, wearing Arab head-dress (the khafiyeh) which their leaders have ordered them to adopt in place of the familiar tarbush so that it may serve as an emblem of their allegiance and their unity in the racial struggle

EMBLEMS OF POLITICAL FAITH: *Above*—These Arab girls have suddenly discarded the European hat in favour of traditional Arab head-gear, just as the men-folk, some of whom are seen (*on right*) being searched for arms, have exchanged the once ubiquitous tarbush for the khafiyeh. They have acted under the strictest orders from their leaders, who, as each week of doubt and uncertainty goes by, would appear to be growing ever bolder in their attitude and more ruthless in their attacks upon the Jewish element. This change in head-gear may be given a most serious significance, for essentially it has the same effect as the donning of a political uniform

ARAB SABOTAGE AND THE RAILROADS: A repair gang at work on a wrecked section of the Jerusalem–Lydda line and (*on left*) Bittir station, which lies near Jerusalem, after it had been burnt out by a band of raiders. Arab terrorists have been increasingly active of late, and on the night of September 14 they twice descended on Bethlehem, destroying the police station and municipal offices

THE DINGO

An Australian Problem

The Difficulty of Controlling the Wild Dog in the Commonwealth : An Added Menace when Crossed with the Alsatian

By MICHAEL TERRY

CHOU-CHOU : This tame Australian dingo left his black master and joined Michael Terry, the author of the accompanying article, during an expedition out in the western desert. He proved a friendly fellow on the whole, but had a highly mischievous habit of attacking one of the camels, much to its discomfiture

THE coyote is in America, the hyena is in Africa and Australia has the dingo. I do not know much about the first two but I do know there is an amusing side to the antipodean cousin. In 1932 it was necessary to disturb a blacks' camp far out in the western desert—they all bolted from my camel expedition except a tamed dingo which attached himself to us.

Chou-chou adopted us and amused the men no end. At times I might ride a mile ahead of the expedition and he would track me through the scrub so that he could trot in new company. Now and again he used to look back, clearly anxious for the rest of the party to catch up. And when this became unbearable he would sit down, nose the air—and howl!

At the first night's halt I heard a yell of dismay from Ben which was indeed well justified. Half-starved, like the usual black fellow's dog, Chou-chou was ravenously eating poor Ben's boots, which he had pulled off to rest his feet after the march. We packed them away but in a few minutes the new pet was snapping at the leather mountings of the riding saddles. We chained him to a mallee bush, laughing at similar experiences which Arctic explorers have with their dogs. A curious parallel.

The mischievous strain of the domestic dog runs also in the dingo. Which was evident when Chou-chou, having smelled the ribs of poor Alice (Stan's riding camel), quietly at rest, suddenly yapped and began to attack the warm juicy meat. His clean sharp fangs were buried into the hide—and Alice's great yellow fangs swept round to destroy the destructor of her peace. The dog leapt away, dodged the camel's defence nimbly, and got inside her guard effectively. At last she gave a moan of horrid indignation and rose up abruptly to save her person from further abuse.

Contrary to the usual experience of mankind, going to the dogs is a profitable occupation in Australia. In fact, many bushmen provide themselves with a useful competence by the sale of scalps to the authorities. For an annual levy is made upon the pastoralists to create a fund which in Queensland pays £2 2s. 0d., in Western Australia £1 1s. 0d., in the Northern Territory 7s. 6d., for each set of ears and strip along the backbone to the tail. Payment is made to the "dogger" by the secretary of the Roads Board or an officer at the police station. They are, or should be, burnt before a witness when payment has been made.

The law has determined this pest vaguely. Designed in the first place to check the depredations of these savage animals on the flocks of the sheep stations, it includes under the title "wild dogs" all canines not registered, i.e., those which do not carry a little collar with a numbered brass tab. Further, the Australian aborigine considers himself more blessed by the dogs he possesses than by his increasing family, so the dingo trapper has a wide selection of curs which he can poison or shoot. There is close collaboration, too, between the wandering white man and his black companion to squeeze fees out of the Government. Some even load the season's trapping on to a horse or a camel and journey several hundred miles to sell over the border of a neighbouring state which pays more than the locality where the wild dogs were killed.

IN THE ZOO THE DINGO IS USUALLY WELL COVERED, but you can always count the ribs of the desert specimen. Australian hunters often earn good money by killing dingoes and claiming the reward from the Government authorities

When the black fellow, at the dawn of Australian history, walked from New Guinea to the mainland at Cape York, he took the dingo with him. It is the only indigenous animal without a pouch, that is to say non-marsupial. Their colour ranges from black to nearly white, but reddish-yellow and dark creamy-yellow are commonest. They stand about 2 ft. high and measure about 5 ft. from the snout to the tip of the tail.

Naturally, these dingoes have gone wild, but they are still used by the blacks as bed-warmers—sleeping companions *par excellence* on frosty nights, fleas notwithstanding. I once disturbed a man sleeping in his hut—and six snarling companions leapt up from around his recumbent form.

The principal service they render is in hunting. No warrior goes forth to seek meat without two or three hounds to chase and kill the smaller denizens of the plains. But he shows no mercy to his assistants and beats them savagely when they have caught a spinifex rat or similar rodent. Having seized the feast so keenly anticipated by the luckless dog, Mr. Blackfellow tucks in the hair-string belt round his waist and marches onwards, followed by disillusioned helpers, who will be lucky if they get the head, the bones, perhaps some hide and fur.

It is illuminating to see a hunter gnawing a half-roast spinifex rat while his dogs sit hungrily for what he may throw. Deliberately these dog owners keep their hunters half-starved so that their keenness to provide, if only indirectly for themselves, shall not relax. And yet the dogs will be cared for in preference to children, for there is a belief that a large kennel will assist the nomad in his hereafter.

When the white man came to Australia it was natural for him to import European dogs also. And it has followed naturally that the Heinz breed (fifty-seven varieties) has become more common in the camp of the aborigine than the pure bred dingo. Although the dingo crosses with his imported cousins, the camp dog most favoured by the blacks is the lean scraggy type approximating to those who chase tinned hares for whites no more fruitfully than they pursue desert rats in Australia. A curious parallel.

Out of this situation a pest has developed. The pure dingo and the half-breed (and even working sheep dogs which have gone wild) have taken to attacking sheep. Cunning old dogs have been known to ruin 100 sheep in a night. And one says "ruined" advisedly because they run down the poor jumbuck, catch it by the throat, throw it, and then rip open the flank for the kidney fat. One can well understand the pastoralist's willingness to pay the levy to control the pest.

The dingo breed is essentially a lone worker; it does not commonly run in packs. But several may chase a young calf from its parent, run down the terrified animal, leap at its throat, and at last fasten teeth in the jugular. Then what a feast. Man need have little fear of this scavenger. It is essentially a cur, but in the heavy timber of the tableland-edge country near Glen Innes (N.S.W.) a bushman walking alone was followed. He assured me they leapt at him, and that he only saved himself by throwing burning pieces of wood.

Night after night I have slept with the discordant howls of dingoes round my camp fire. Unable to bark, the old dogs start with a long-drawn-out cry which the pups take up with a mingled assortment of yaps. But I have never been anxious, except to see that nothing a dog could fancy was lying about. I have had meat stolen from a dish on a box at my head.

In the closely settled parts of Australia the dog pest is controlled carefully. We rarely, except among the wild ranges, hear a howl of a lonely wanderer. For dog-proof fences are the order of the day—wide-meshed netting fixed to the strands of the ordinary fences to a height of about 4 ft. The dingoes cannot leap over this and thus those who remain in the paddock can be shot, poisoned or caught with large steel traps placed where, dog-like, they form a path following each other.

The least forgivable offence of the traveller is to fail to shut securely any gate, especially a dog-proof one. For the roads from homestead to homestead traverse the paddocks as a matter of course. And when, as between Longreach and Winton in 1922, there were 100 gates in 100 miles some idea of the patience required can be understood, as well as the importance of being conscientious.

Where station borders on station, with Shire Council and squatter working hard to control the dingo menace, perhaps not one is heard in half a year. And if he is, there is immediate pursuit. On top of the scalp payment, the station, finally to eradicate the pest, may offer a bounty. An old dog, well known to stockmen by the track left with his paw partially chewed to release himself from a trap, on Elderslie station had £10 on his head.

Far beyond the controlled areas the scalps are paid for willingly, the idea being that if wild dogs beyond settlement are permitted to increase, or are not reduced, then the source of new material for raiding will defeat the efforts of sheepmen who have cleaned their pastures.

(Continued on page 506)

TYPICAL DINGO COUNTRY : Australia's wild dog is usually to be found in well-timbered areas such as this. Pastoralists have good cause to fear it, so unrelentingly does it ravage their flocks, and are willing to pay well to keep the pest in check

AT THE CAMERA EXHIBITIONS OF THE YEAR

A HOBBY FALCON WITH FULL-GROWN CHICKS: A fine camera-study by G. K. Yeates, F.R.P.S., included in the Natural History Section of this year's exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, which is being held at 35, Russell Square, and, like its predecessors, not only shows the immense value of photography as a recorder, but the multifarious ways it serves the scientific activities of man. On this and the following pages are reproduced some notable items from this exhibition, and also from that being held at 195, Piccadilly by members of the Professional Photographers' Association

"LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE": An exhibit by the Reverend H. M. Stone, also in the Natural History Section of the Royal Photographic Society's annual show. The long-tailed tit, that sibilant and eager small bird, is colloquially known as an "oven-builder" because of its nest, which has a hole for entry at the side. At this time of the year titmice can be seen flitting from tree to tree in noisy companies

BY SEA AND RIVER

Camera Pictures at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition

"TRANQUIL WATERS"
By Clarence Ponting

"DROPPING THE PILOT"
By F. J. Mortimer, Hon. F.R.P.S.

These three pictures from the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition in Russell Square reach from the point of view of camera art a distinctly high standard, emphasising, indeed, that the photographer has, in certain circumstances, an objective identical with that of the painter, just as he has a place in the realm of science with his contributions to our modern knowledge of physics and astronomy. The scientific aspect of the exhibition is not dealt with in these pages, although this year it forms a substantial part of the display, the natural history studies, seascapes, etc., being of more general interest. September is the season for photographic exhibitions, and at the moment there are three in progress in London, revealing professional and amateur work at its best

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

On right—

"SUMMER SPARKLE": *By B. A. Butt*

PHOTOGRAPHY in COMMERCE and INDUSTRY

A Notable Exhibition by Members of the Professional Photographers' Association

"Commercial photography does not exist," writes Sir William Crawford in one of the forewords to the catalogue of this year's exhibition of Photography in Commerce and Industry at 195, Piccadilly, three examples from which are published on this page. His intentionally challenging assertion certainly provides food for thought, and, in qualifying it, Sir William makes it clear that the standards that make for a good picture are the same whoever buys it, editor or advertiser, and to produce a worthwhile picture a man must be a real artist

"FASHION": This cleverly conceived picture by Richard Sharpe is included among the prints in the Exhibition of Photography in Commerce and Industry now being held at 195, Piccadilly by members of the Professional Photographers' Association

W. S. Eades

"FLOODLIGHTS FOR SHUNTING YARD": This is the laconic title for a powerfully conceived photograph which reveals how a work belonging essentially to the realm of commercial photography can possess at the same time a quality more often associated in the lay mind with the older art forms

MODERN GIRLHOOD: Another interesting example of work (by Studio Sun) at the Exhibition of Photography in Commerce and Industry. *On left*—THE DOCTOR (THE APE) ATTENDS THE MINISTER (THE FOX): Dr. R. S. Illingworth took this fine picture of a *miserere* carving in Beverley Minster, Yorkshire, and it is now in the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. It is one of a series intended to poke fun at doctors who were represented as apes and at parsons who were represented as foxes

THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" READY FOR

The Last Hull Plate Riveted 21 Months After Her Keel was Laid

IT is a curious thing that, while the most impressive feature about the *Queen Elizabeth* is her huge tonnage, even though it cannot be estimated until she has been officially measured when she is practically ready for sea, most landsmen and any number of professional seamen are quite ignorant of what a ship's tonnage really is and how many different sorts of tonnage there are. The one by which the size of merchant ships is generally reckoned, and the only one about which the general public will hear much in connection with the *Queen Elizabeth*, is the gross tonnage (as opposed to net tonnage), and it has nothing whatever to do with her weight or the cargo that she can carry. It is an entirely arbitrary mathematical calculation which is only useful as a measure of comparison and the same ship may alter her gross tonnage many times during her life.

At one time, such were the legal exemptions in existence, it was possible to make the net tonnage of a ship a minus quantity. The story is told—but not proved—of a peppery colonel who found retirement dull without the quarrels that he was used to in India, so, by carefully studying the regulations and going to the trouble of getting a yachtmaster's certificate to secure the exemption of his own quarters, built an extraordinarily uncomfortable yacht whose net tonnage was minus seven. He got all the quarrels that he wanted by trying to collect about 8s. from the authority of every harbour that he visited. The yacht was called the Euome, *but it would be impossible to pull it off to-day when no net tonnage may ever be less than nil although many well-designed tugs contrive that and are not liable to dues in most ports.*

In very early days ships were measured by their carrying capacity, the coasters in chaldrons of coal and the overseas ships by the tuns of wine as used by the Bordeaux merchants. Tunnage, as introduced about the year 1400, was therefore a very useful and logical system of measurement, but by Elizabeth's day there were many other imports of more importance than wine, and two tonnages were introduced in 1582, whose names have totally different meanings to-day. Net tonnage—the spelling was beginning to change—was the number of tuns of wine, and gross tonnage was the actual weight of cargo. In 1626 the two figures were combined, arrived at by measuring the cubic capacity of the holds.

Early in the next century, in order that various tolls and taxes might be collected on as high a figure as possible, the length, beam and depth

(Continued in final column)

THE PRIDE OF THE CLYDE: The great hull of the *Queen Elizabeth*, giant sister-ship of the *Queen Mary*, towering above two Argentine destroyers in Messrs. John Brown's yard. She will be launched by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on September 27

On left—
MAKING A WAY FOR THE NEW GIANT: Dredgers seen at work deepening the channel opposite Messrs. John Brown's yard in readiness for the launch of the *Queen Elizabeth* next week

THE Cunard White Star liner, *Queen Elizabeth*, the last hull plate of which has been riveted twenty-one months after the laying of the keel and which will be launched next week on Clydeside, will probably be the largest and longest ship in service when she eventually sets out on her maiden voyage, and she will doubtless capture for herself the Blue Riband of the Atlantic.

The *Queen Elizabeth*'s builders, Messrs. John Brown and Co., also constructed the *Queen Mary*, the *Hood*, largest fighting ship in the world, the *Aquitania*, the *Lusitania*, of unhappy memory, the *Carmania*, and a whole fleet of vessels. The new liner is, however, a national rather than a local product, for her machinery, fittings, and furnishings have been ordered from many parts of the country, and by the time she is completed it is calculated she will have provided work for about 200,000 people scattered in cities, towns, and villages

HER LAUNCHING: THE QUESTION OF TONNAGE

throughout the length and breadth of Britain and in many parts of the Empire. The *Queen Elizabeth* shows several departures from her sister-ship, *Queen Mary*. Her overall length will be 1,030 ft., or 11 ft. longer, and her gross tonnage, at very approximately 85,000 tons, some 4,000 tons greater. Instead of three funnels she will have only two, the tendency in recent years being to reduce the number of funnels on the larger liners. Compared with the twenty-four main boilers of the *Queen Mary*, the new ship will have only twelve boilers, of much larger size.

By the elimination of one funnel, and also substituting a less obtrusive but equally efficient system of ventilation for the many large and not beautiful ventilators of the *Queen Mary*, much more deck promenade space will be available as well as reducing wind resistance. Aft of the main deck house will be a new feature in the way of a theatre which can be used for either cabin or tourist class passengers. There will be a large flush main deck right forward instead of the older arrangement of well deck and separate forecastle. Accommodation will be provided for about 2,400 passengers, or about 300 more than in the *Queen Mary*. The bow has more rake, and accommodates an extra anchor right on the stem centre line.

On right—
STRICTLY LIMITED SPACE FOR MANŒUVRING: This overhead view shows the *Queen Elizabeth* on the stocks and the specially widened part of the river into which she will be launched next week

Puzzling Methods of Determining the Size of a Ship : Some Anomalies of the Past

of the ship were multiplied together and divided by ninety-four. At that time the depth was roughly half the beam, so to save the surveyors trouble "half the beam" was substituted for "depth" in the formula. Shipbuilders immediately took advantage of the blunder and built their ships very deep and narrow. They carried a bigger cargo on the same dues or taxes, but they were so crank that any number of them foundered at sea, and so slow that they fell an easy prey to privateers or enemy warships. How ridiculous this system was is obvious by the fact that a man-of-war or Indiaman could have a complete deck cut away without altering her tonnage.

Many efforts were made to alter the rule, but nothing practical was done until the present system, called the Moorsom Rule after its inventor, was evolved in 1849, and made law under the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854. He wanted a practical system of measurement that would offer no temptation to build unhealthy or unsafe ships, would be a reasonable standard of comparison, and would be fair to shipowners and port authorities alike for the assessment of dues. In framing it Moorsom did his best to avoid penalising existing ships too harshly, and his care is shown by the fact that seventy years of continuous effort to improve on it have only resulted in minor alterations, generally with new types which were unknown in his day.

The term tonnage for the Moorsom system is only a convenience. Its basis is the calculation of the whole capacity of the enclosed spaces of the ship in cubic feet and dividing it by 100. If every inch of the ship could be filled with cargo, which is quite impossible, and if any ordinary cargo went 100 cub. ft. to the ton, which it does not, the name gross tonnage would have a real significance, but it is only a convenient standard.

When gross tonnage was calculated in that way it was obviously only reasonable that spaces which did not earn any profit for the shipowner should be deducted in finding a fair basis for the payment of dues of various kinds. Machinery space, crew's accommodation and such like were therefore calculated on the same 100 cub. ft. to the ton and subtracted to give the net tonnage. On this, port and other dues are generally paid.

The whole system seems to be irrational, but it suits the shipping business in its various branches, and when the gross tonnage of the *Queen Elizabeth* is announced by the surveyors it will be a reasonable measure of comparison with her Atlantic rivals.

Frank C. Bowen

A VICTORIAN DRAMA THAT HAS BEEN DRAWING LONDON: Rose (Dorothy Hyson), arrayed for her marriage to the dull young doctor, comes downstairs and unexpectedly finds Harry Lestrange (Barry Sinclair), the lover whom she thought had forgotten her. This special "Sphere" picture shows the closing moment in *She Too Was Young*, the play by Hilda Vaughan and Laurier Lister, which has been proving a distinct success at Wyndham's, its slightly novelettish theme being offset by acting of a high order. It has its setting in Wales in the 70's of last century

THE BITTER TRUTH EMERGES: Barry Sinclair as the young officer, Edmund Gwenn as the explosive father, Marie Ney as the designing mother who destroys her daughter's love letters, and Alan Webb as the doctor, in *She Too Was Young*, one of London's latest plays with a Victorian setting

NO, the "dear octopus" is not Dame Marie Tempest. At the Queen's Theatre as a matriarchal great-grandmother who twines her tentacles (lovingly and charmingly, of course) round each member of a large and rambling family in a large and rambling house in the large and rambling county of Essex, she would justify that not very gallant description. She is over seventy, is this matriarch, and as tough as a bone, with a will of her own, which finds expression in commanding adult descendants to do little jobs about the house and to put logs on the fire when they do not want to put logs on the fire. It is the family itself, however, which is the octopus, and those who themselves belong to large families will no doubt recognise the correctness of the picture as well as I recognise that ancient Essex house where chimneys smoke and economy in the matter of bath-water is enjoined.

Miss Dodie Smith, whose best play I consider this, for all its paucity of dramatic material, knows her Essex and she knows her English families. The stage has shown us several brands of these, most of them untidily Bohemian and quarrelsome and conscientiously unbusinesslike. The Randolphs are more conventional, have lived in the same house for generations without dropping, or wishing to drop, the label of middle-class, quarrel hardly at all, and talk about themselves incessantly. The golden wedding of Mr. Randolph (Mr. Leon Quartermaine, gentle and sensible and looking like Mr. Clifford Bax) and Mrs. Randolph (Dame Marie, not quite so gentle, but just as sensible and looking like a portrait by Nattier of an eighteenth-century French princess) is an occasion for the gathering of the clan.

There is a dance in the old house, and a nice long speech by Mr. John Gielgud at a nice long dinner table, the toast being "The Family." Except for a rather wispy little love episode between Mr. Gielgud, playing the least juicy part he has had for many a day, and Miss Angela Baddeley, *Dear Octopus* is almost plotless. But Miss Smith, in Tchekovian mood throughout, shows that post-war Essex can be as chattily domesticated as pre-war Russia, and she has filled her play with lovable wit and with real charm. It might in less skilled hands have been merely a matter of Dame Marie and Mr. Quartermaine Darby and Joaning it for a couple of hours, though I do not doubt that they could do that most fragrantly. Fortunately, they do much more.

Miss Kate Cutler arrives as a septuagenarian great-aunt, or something of the sort, to prattle amusingly on how to defy old age. Miss Valerie Taylor tells with tender sincerity of an illicit love affair in Paris which was, perhaps, not so dreadfully naughty after all. One adult daughter is a cat, but she is the exception in this very decent and human crowd, three of whom are children, of whom, possibly, we see and hear too much. In a play covering several generations the youngest generation of all cannot be admitted—if, indeed, this was the youngest generation, for an infant seemed to be in the offing. But those who are apt to jib, as I do, at a stage clattered up with performing animals or children, or sometimes both, may be in some degree appeased by the talent these kiddies display. And a pleasant, wholesome atmosphere it is for them.

"The Last Trump."—Mr. Bridie's *The Last Trump* is the first of the recent Malvern Festival productions to find a London home. The choice is not surprising. This author could not write a bad play if he tried, and he always has something to say. What does little Bridie say in his nest at the Duke of York's? He says, in effect, that a thoroughly unpleasant person, if he has a pronounced individuality and is no mere shadow of a man, cannot be made to alter his nature, however terrifyingly catastrophic the circumstances.

The leopard with the unchanging spots is in this case a Scotch financier, who is a nasty piece of work—tough, merciless, mean and self-indulgent. The last-named quality has landed him in a nursing-home, where he insults the doctors and nurses and makes himself a nuisance to everybody. A shrewd old doctor sums him up, body and soul, and decides that the latter might be improved if he is given a sudden shock, such as being told that a comet is about to hit the earth and smash it to smithereens. Now I seem to have seen about eighty-five plays about the world coming to an end in this fashion, but here is a novel and ingenious twist. What is not made quite clear is whether the genuine astronomer (who has his own reasons for hating the financier) himself believes in that comet or is only a party to the leg-pull. The play would be a better one if this point were fully established, but even so is remarkably interesting, with a curious pungent quality all its own.

DRAMA: Dodie Smith Writes Her Best Play to Date: Bridie's Malvern Festival Piece Finds a London Home: Ivor Novello Deserts Musical Comedy to Play Shakespeare

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

Sir Seymour Hicks has for so long been playing one type of part only that younger playgoers may have had some cause to doubt the versatility of this great actor. His performance as the odious Buchlyvie should set such doubts at rest for ever. Not only did Sir Seymour hide his normal facial appearance by means of a swollen nose and a nasty moustache, and put on a Scotch accent, which several natives have assured me is without a flaw; he completely buried his natural charm, which I imagine must have been a far more difficult job. Even the humour the author has allotted him has a repellent touch about it. He was the most loathed person on the stage of that theatre, and had to be.

Mr. Cecil Trouncer, as the specialist, made, with great skill, a long scene involving a stethoscope, an electric torch, and much prodding and tapping of Sir Seymour's back, chest, and knees a most amusing yet by no means farcical episode; less cleverly handled, this would have been tedious and even embarrassing. Miss Hazel Terry (the late Fred Terry's granddaughter) displayed the intelligence and the charm of her famous family as well as a glamorous loveliness all her own.

"Paprika."—We have just bidden farewell—or was it *au revoir*?—to one Hungarian musical play and in its place is another. Mr. Eric Maschwitz (who, like Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Charles Morgan, issues a foreword) is careful to explain that his *Paprika*, *Balalaika's* even more gorgeous successor at His Majesty's Theatre, is "not an operetta, nor is the Hungary . . . the conventionalised country of the musical-comedy stage." I do not see in what way *Paprika* differs from *Maritza*, except that the music is less tuneful, the story even more conventional and the cost of production probably at least double. That the very beautiful costumes and scenery are authentic and that they justify the exhaustive and patient researches on the spot by the author and his collaborators is not to be doubted. So why is this not an "operetta"? Can it be because in the average operetta the hero and heroine sing well and in this one the hero is given nothing to sing at all and the vocal accomplishments of the heroine are, to put it mildly, not outstanding?

Whatever its label, *Paprika* is as weak as a play as it is strong in spectacle. The former is of a familiar and very British brand, with the mild domestic flavour of Brussels sprouts about it rather than the piquancy of paprika. No amount of stamping and national dancing and singing by merry peasants—all carried out with extreme vigour and efficiency—could enable me to whack up much interest in a story of an English officer and gentleman, who was obviously a gentleman seeing that he told us so himself, and who asked an actress to marry him and risked the wrath of aristocratic friends and relations. Besides, did not Mr. Noel Coward show us something of this sort in this same theatre not so long ago? Mr. Coward chose the early nineteen hundreds as his period, and Mr. Maschwitz has plumped for the middle '80's. If one must have musical plays about actresses the period is surely immaterial.

However, after a brief glimpse of the venerable Abbé Liszt (Mr. Lance Fairfax) in Grosvenor Square, with a bunch of bustled females walking towards the Abbé, and rather too much of his *Liebestraum*, we find the hero (Mr. Anthony Eustrel) at a farm in Hungary, returning from a shooting expedition. I never shot in Hungary in 1886, nor in any other year, so I cannot question the correctness of Mr. Eustrel's attire—twentieth-century polo boots and breeches, Regency buff coat with velvet collar, and a jockey cap. Distinctly natty.

This sportsman meets the heroine, Rozsi (Miss Barbary Bory), who is depicted as an ambitious actress in a Budapest theatre and a bit of a spit-fire. Miss Bory showed few signs of spitting fire at any moment, but played the violin quite well. I was not surprised at the suggestion in that scene that she should appear on the London stage, since that is what most actresses with accents like that do.

Later we saw some excellent dances by villagers with funny hats, headed by a gentleman called Bowler, and then the Empress of Austria—a very graceful and gracious performance by Miss Stella Arbenina. Then Her Majesty distributed a few orders and decorations on her own account, possibly because the person I concluded, from his make-up, to be the Emperor Franz Josef was too busy serving drinks in a café in which Mr. Lance Fairfax, having shed his wig and his warts, bobbed up again to sing a baritone song with splendid energy.

The villain of the piece—that first-rate actor, Mr. Austin Trevor—organised a *claque* in the gallery (the stage one, not the real one) to boo Miss Bory, because, although he loved her he hated the hero, who fought a duel with him. In what future musical comedy at this theatre is Mr. Trevor to finish the rubber? He won the duel in *Bitter Sweet*, but got the worst of it in this one. Judging from the applause which greeted this expensive business the rubber should remain unfinished for quite a while.

"Henry V."—Some indulgence might be granted to any man who brought back Shakespeare to Drury Lane, particularly when that man has been doing a steady trade for some years with light comedies and with spectacular musical shows. Mr. Ivor Novello needs none.

Now *Henry V* is—let us be frank—a poorish chronicle play with purple patches which include the most electrifying patriotic poetry ever written, poetry which must surely bring a lump to the throat of any inhabitant of these isles who has not the soul of a Communist. Between those patches come some broad comedy scenes which for the most part are a record in tedium even for Shakespearean broad comedy—and that is saying much. There are, therefore, two main things to be done in tackling this job, (i) achieve sufficient colour, pageantry, and crowd movement to gloss over the poverty of dramatic construction, and (ii) see that a good and comely actor plays the title-role. Mr. Lewis Casson's production is rich without being gaudy; there are scenes of real beauty with the flavour of history about them and lots of armour and banners and marching and counter-marching to a fine, swinging, Elgarian type of tune.

We all know that Mr. Novello is a comely actor and I consider he is a good one, with his King Henry the highest point in his acting career so far. His performance is quite without affectation and does not lack virility. He knows how to speak Shakespeare, and the patriotic high-spots were given with fervour and sincerity and without any ranting. His scene with the trio of traitors showed restraint and subtlety, and that with the French princess (Miss Dorothy Dickson—lovely and charming) the right touch of comedy. It is true that Mr. Novello's voice is of a lighter timbre than some of his "thunder guts" predecessors. But I see no reason for a hard and fast rule that Henry V must be a baritone and not a tenor.

To "Chorus" is given language almost as fine as that of the King; but as spoken by Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies it goes for little. This was because she adopted a cheerful modernity of tone and was inclined to be skittish. And why must women who play young boys—she was dressed as a page—so persistently stand with their legs wide apart, which is what boys do *not* do?

Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb gave a Robey-ish robustness to Pistol and among several minor though admirable performances I would single out Miss Veronica Brady's description of Falstaff's death—a few words of exquisite and touching simplicity in most uncompromising surroundings.

Mr. Novello has, I venture to think, done the British stage a service in the step he has taken. The British public should support him, not necessarily from a sense of duty but because they will find at Old Drury their money's worth and more.

On right—IN THE "MILESTONES" MANNER: Polly Gilpin (Edna Best; second from left) and Tom Hollick (Jack Hawkins; right background) share the lead in Robert Gore-Browne's *Can we Tell* at the New Theatre, which has as its theme the success story of a motor magnate told in flash-backs to his youth in the '90's, when his parents ran a village shop, and his prosperous middle age, when he is married to Polly. In some ways it is reminiscent of *Milestones*

THE VICTORY OF THE BOW: AGINCOURT AND AFTER

Scenes from Drury Lane's Spectacular Production of "Henry V"—A Battle that Temporarily Linked England and France

"GOD, THE BEST MAKER OF ALL MARRIAGES, COMBINE YOUR HEARTS IN ONE, YOUR REALMS IN ONE": The betrothal of King Henry V of England (Ivor Novello) and Katharine (Dorothy Dickson), daughter of the King of France; an act that followed the victory of the bow at Agincourt and for the time being united the two kingdoms. This is the closing scene in Shakespeare's *Henry V* which was presented in most spectacular fashion last week at Drury Lane

"I BLAME YOU NOT; FOR HEARING THIS, I MUST PERFORCE COMPOUND WITH MISTFUL EYES, OR THEY WILL ISSUE TOO: King Henry (Ivor Novello) condoles on the field of Agincourt with Exeter (George Skillan) as the latter tells of the deaths of York and Suffolk. *Below*—King Henry, on the eve of his departure for France, exposes the three knights whose treachery he has discovered

The Battle of Agincourt, focal point of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, so appositely presented at this juncture, is remarkable in military annals as very largely a victory of the bow. The cloth yard shaft as delivered by the bowmen armed with the tall yew bow could pierce the breastplates of the armoured knights of the day. King Henry is reputed to have had 6,000 archers to 1,000 men-at-arms, evidencing a tremendous reliance on the winged missile. The French commander, whose forces were at least four times more numerous than the English, employed the cross-bow (a much less handy weapon), and they were relegated to the rear, whereas the bowmen of Henry's force were arranged in the forefront of the battle line for the purpose of getting in the first devastating onslaught. The clouds of arrows delivered against the mounted chivalry of France threw the first attacks into confusion. Wounded horses careered back against the French army. When the bowmen had exhausted their arrows they grasped their hatchets and bills and advanced into the demoralised ranks in front of them

Below—IS SHE NOT APT? The Duke of Burgundy (Eugene Leahy) talks with King Henry (Ivor Novello) regarding his match with Princess Katharine (Dorothy Dickson), *right*

NEW TONNAGE IN BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIPYARDS

Activity on the Tyne—A Luxury Liner For Poland—A Gunboat Flagship Built in the Isle of Wight

LINES OF GRACE: The recently launched vessel *Dominion Monarch* in the basin alongside Messrs. Swan Hunter's yard at Wallsend-on-Tyne, where she is now being fitted out and her engines are being installed. Towering above her superstructure is Titan II, the giant floating crane used for lifting heavier objects into position. These days there is much activity on the Tyne, which is sharing the big Admiralty orders with the Clyde and the Mersey and, despite high prices, has a fair amount of merchant marine work

On left—BEARER OF AN HONOURED NAME: The 1,500-ton United States torpedo boat destroyer *Lang* being launched from the yard of the Federal Shipbuilding Company at Kearney, New Jersey. She is named after Seaman John Lang, a hero of the war of 1812, which was characterised by many naval engagements including the renowned duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*

Above—A CONTINENTAL ORDER FOR THE TYNE: The Polish luxury liner *Sobieski* being fitted out at Walker-on-Tyne where she is now nearing completion and from whence she will in due course leave for her home port of Gdynia. The *Sobieski*, like the *Lang*, is patriotically named, for John Sobieski (1624-96), King of Poland, was perhaps the greatest captain of his age, liberating Vienna from the hands of the Turk

BOUND FOR THE TROUBLED EAST: H.M.S. *Scorpion*, the new river gunboat, leaving Cowes where, under the 1936 naval estimates, she has just been completed in the yards of J. S. White. On arrival in Chinese waters she will take over the duties of gunboat flagship, a position of some difficulty at the moment owing to the Japanese attitude towards foreign powers operating on the Yangtse where she is waging such an intensive campaign. Craft of this type are characterised by great top hamper

THE FIGHT TO PRESERVE ENGLAND'S THREATENED ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings Records a Year of Intensive Effort in its Latest Report

AT a time when Britain's architectural heritage is being so constantly menaced in the often glibly invoked name of progress, it is good to know that there is in existence a virile organisation pledged to the task of preserving threatened places.

This organisation, styled as the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, has lately issued its sixty-first annual report, an intensely revealing document giving details of all the major cases which have come before the society's notice during the year 1937–38.

The year was particularly remarkable for the activities of the Georgian Group, a subsidiary of the society, which, under the chairmanship of Lord Derwent, has made its presence felt in no uncertain manner, its "boyish and bellicose voice," as Viscount Esher terms it, "having been largely instrumental in routing the attack upon the buildings in Palace Yard, Westminster."

SAVED FOR POSTERITY: The main entrance of Fydell House, Boston, Lincolnshire, a fine old Georgian residence, which has been preserved from destruction through the efforts of a band of local enthusiasts. An account of the place, which was built in 1726, occurs in the recently issued sixty-first annual report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings

ITS FATE IN THE BALANCE: The doorway of Bromley College, Kent, which has been described as one of the most beautiful brick buildings in England, much of it being suggestive of the hand of Wren. In July of last year it came to the knowledge of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings that the place was threatened by a development scheme, and since then some of the society's members have been carefully watching the situation. Bromley College was founded by Bishop Warner of Rochester and built, shortly after the Great Fire, out of funds he bequeathed for the purpose, his object being to provide maintenance and pleasant accommodation for "twenty poor widows of the loyal and pious clergy"

THORINGTON HALL, SUFFOLK: *Left*—An impression of this old country house in its recent state of decay, and (*on right*) a view from almost the same angle, showing how it has been restored by Mr. Marshal Sisson, the well-known architect. The skilful way in which the work has been done is appreciatively commented upon in the 1938 report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings

Of the places illustrated on this page particular interest attaches to Bromley College, Kent. In July of last year a series of persistent rumours affecting this building and the land upon which it stands began to come to the knowledge of the society. It soon became increasingly evident that a development scheme of an important kind was afoot. This scheme, it was noticed, embraced the Bromley Council's project to acquire the whole site of the college for purposes connected with the building of a new hall, the widening of the London road, and the creation of a car park.

The case is at the moment *sub judice*; but the society has many sources of information and many friends who keep it well informed as to the exact present position which it continues to watch with attention.

Of no less interest is Fydell House, Boston, Lincolnshire, regarding which the report states:—At a time when the lamentable destruction of Georgian domestic architecture throughout the country is so widespread that the Georgian Group has been called into being to devote its whole attention to the protection of buildings of this period, it is gratifying to learn of the efforts of a band of local enthusiasts who have succeeded in saving Fydell House, one of the most

(*Continued on page* 506)

On left—SAVED: This group of buildings in Norwich, including the home of John Sell Cotman, one of the most distinguished of English architectural draughtsmen, has been preserved largely at the instance of the late Sir Guy Dawber, R.A., who led a spirited protest when the question of demolition was first mooted. While the houses are not necessarily examples of fine architecture in the accepted sense of the definition, their disappearance, it is generally felt, would be a very distinct loss to Norwich

PLAY STREETS FOR LONDON'S CHILDREN

SAFE FROM TRAFFIC DANGERS: One of the 200 streets in Salford which are now closed to vehicles and are scheduled as "play streets" for the children. The idea was conceived by Salford's Chief Constable

IN THE SPHERE of August 27 pictorial reference was made to play streets in New York, and it was shown how 100 streets in the city have been closed to vehicles so that children might take part in organised games under the supervision of members of the Police Athletic League, an organisation which came into being in 1931, the purpose of its scheme being to keep children from traffic dangers and create a friendly link between the police and the city's youth.

The idea of play streets—only without supervised games—has also been finding increasing favour in England, the pioneer of the movement being Major C. V. Godfrey, Chief Constable of Salford, Lancashire, who, in an interesting letter to THE SPHERE, describes how he first set going the scheme in 1929—two years before New York's venture—at a time when the urgency of the problem of child safety was becoming increasingly apparent.

HUNTSFORD TERRACE, MARYLEBONE: One of the first streets in London to be closed to traffic so that children may play there in safety, and (*on left*) Redfern Road, Willesden, which has been similarly scheduled

"As an experiment," writes Chief Constable Godfrey, "I first closed forty-eight of the lesser streets in a particularly congested part of the city, and from the outset it was obvious that the idea was sound and practicable. At the present time there are almost 200 streets so closed, and it is proposed to close several more in the near future."

London, it is gratifying to note, is at last following Salford's lead, for it was recently announced by Mr. Leslie Burgin, the Minister of Transport, that under the London Traffic Act 1934, one street in Marylebone and three streets in Willesden had all been closed to motors so that they might be used as playgrounds for schoolchildren. Meanwhile the Street Playgrounds Act has come up for Royal assent and this will further advance the good work.

ANOTHER PLAY ZONE: Melville Road, Willesden, where traffic is also barred in the interests of the children, and (*on left*) an official notice proclaiming the fact. With the Street Playgrounds Act coming up for Royal assent, the scheme will be extended

BATTERSEA'S BIGGER POWER STATION

Extending An Already Gigantic Plant to New Proportions

BUILDING THE NEW PALACE OF POWER: A view of the excavations on the site of the extension to Battersea's giant electricity station, which is to be increased in size, an almost exact replica of the building at present in existence being in the preliminary stages of construction

THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE MAIN TURBO ALTERNATOR: Part of the extension at Battersea in its present state of advancement; and in the background steelwork for the tower which will support one of the new chimneys. These, like those now in existence, will emit only purified gases

THE MAIN CIRCULATING WATER PUMP HOUSE AND INTAKE CULVERT under construction on the Battersea site. The work began 18 months ago

Battersea Electricity Station, that vast palace of power which rises majestically above the Thames where the river curves round between Chelsea and Vauxhall, is at the moment undergoing vast extensions, and when these are completed in 1940, the present building will have been exactly duplicated and there will be four large chimneys instead of the two already in existence. From the point of view of electrical generation, however, the present extensions constitute no more than the first third of the second half of the station. In a few months' time the mechanical and electrical plant, including a giant 100,000 kilowatt turbo alternator, will be coming forward to the site for installation.

WITH AN EYE ON THE FUTURE

In Interior Decoration To-morrow is more Important than To-day. A Successful Room is one that can be lived in for many a Year, and that remains always gracious

FASHIONS in interior decoration have their brief day. They come and they go, some quickly, and some after a long spell of popularity. They are created by designers who are trained to present lovely things in new ways, and it is in order that these things may not be overlooked that their presentation is usually so striking. They are perfect show pieces. Only the very rich can afford to live with them, for their novelty is the thing that dates them. But out of this welter of new ideas come some that go on, for they are practical and beautiful, and they fit in with our present-day lives.

Interior decorators can be trained. Real home-makers are born. They are the people who know that no room is quite real unless one can live in it for a long time without tiring of its colourings or its proportions or its general atmosphere.

That is one of the reasons why wood-panelled rooms are always so supremely satisfying. The exquisite graining of the wood rests the eye and stimulates the imagination. The mellow colouring forms a perfect background for rare pictures and rich fabrics. The whole effect is gracious and welcoming and traditionally English. But a panelled room, even though it lasts for ever, is a luxury that comparatively few people can afford, and panelling taken from old houses is apt to be too heavy for modern rooms.

Burr Walnut, *beautifully grained, is an extravagant dream. But this is wallpaper—though nobody would believe it*

Burr walnut is an ideal medium for contemporary rooms and furniture. The beauty of the grain is shown very clearly in the panelled room in the picture on the right—yet this room, which is of average size, acquired all its panelling for about £4. Sanderson's, after long experiments, have perfected a series of printed wood-grained papers. So perfectly do they simulate the real wood that they can be polished, and the majority of them are so stout in texture that they can be used not only to face doors, but to cover picture rails, skirting boards, and not-too-elaborate architraves. Life is made even simpler by the fact that there is a range of mouldings covered in these wood-grained papers, so that the actual panelling is a very straightforward business, while, for use over fireplaces, or to touch up too-large wall areas, they make inlaid sections of wood-grained papers with bold designs of dogs or horses.

Blonde burr walnut, bleached mahogany, sycamore, straight grain walnut, English oak, cherry mahogany, stripped pine, and limed oak are among the finest reproductions, and the cost of any of them is no more than that charged for a good wallpaper of any description. The price is about 7s. 6d. for a 12-yd. piece, and an average room takes about seven pieces.

These papers can all be obtained through and hung by local decorators, but anybody who is planning the redecoration of their rooms would do well to visit Sanderson's showrooms in Berners Street, London, W. There they will find a wealth of inspiration, and there they can discuss their problems with friendly experts whose knowledge can quickly overcome difficulties that have hitherto seemed insuperable. They are so good at changing the apparent proportions of badly-shaped rooms that one might almost think they hold the secret of plastic walls and ceilings.

Among their newest papers are some magnificent damask reproductions on satin grounds, the silvery design standing out against a soft-toned background. Those who know which way the wind blows predict that a Victorian revival will follow the present Regency one, and these are ideal papers for those who have Victorian treasures. Strangely enough, they also look quite perfect with modern furniture, especially when the paintwork and the ceiling reflect the colour of the background, and they provide a very welcome change from flat-painted walls, for they have more warmth, and they build up an atmosphere of greater intimacy. Persian tapestry papers, two-toned, with the design standing out in the lighter shade, are quite lovely, especially in old houses, or in rooms that combine harmoniously both old and contemporary furniture.

In rooms that demand a light treatment unusual effects are achieved by the use of two papers—one plain and one delicately patterned, the general principle being to follow the outline of the furniture so that it has a built-in, compact air. This is a scheme which has been carried out in the picture on the left, where the mirror is thrown into high relief by the plain background and the whole dressing table is framed by the border of the panel. It is an excellent treatment for small or for awkwardly-shaped rooms, and it opens up endless opportunities for imaginative colour schemes, for one is able to strike a happy balance between clear, but vibrant designs and the restfulness of a plain surface.

Persian Brocade *provided the inspiration for this damask reproduction paper which shows an attractive two-toned effect on a satiny ground*

Angled Wallpapers, *plain and patterned used together, give particularly good colour effects*

Panelled with Black Bean. *A room papered in colours that blend with the panels of simulated black bean wood bordered with matching "wood" mouldings*

Stripped Pine *is a perfect background for pictures and fabrics. Here again wallpaper is used*

From the FEMININE ANGLE

A HAVEN FROM WAR'S ALARMS: Little Miren Bilbao and her parents on board the Spanish vessel *Banderas*, which has now lain for more than a year in a quiet corner of Preston docks, Lancashire, and where they have made their home ever since, being unable to return to Spain. Miren attends the Sacred Heart School at Preston and has made such rapid progress with English that she now acts as interpreter for her parents

THE BOHEMIAN LIFE: Mr. Thomas Murphy, secretary of the Showmen's Guild, and his wife taking tea on the lawn beside their caravan, which they keep in a garden on Denmark Hill, London, and in which they live all the year round. The caravan has three rooms

THEY THINK OUR SOLDIERS ARE WONDERFUL! These two French beauty queens, "Miss Paris" (Lilianne Gills) and "Miss France" (Frances Palmer), were pictured outside Buckingham Palace during a sightseeing tour of London. Next year they will be going over to America in order to represent their country in a contest at the New York World's Fair

AT ABOYNE GAMES: Mr. Chinnery Haldane, of Gleneagles, seen with Lady Grant, of Monymusk, in the enclosure at this famed highland gathering in Aberdeenshire. *On left*—Mrs. Rose Francis, a Fulham widow, tending her magnificent window-box which has won her the London Gardens Society's window-box championship for 1938. In 1928 she received a £50 prize and a silver cup for a similar display. She has had six other awards in addition

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

FANNY KEMBLE, whose biography by Margaret Armstrong sheds much new light on her life and character. On marrying she temporarily gave up the stage, only to be deeply shocked by the discovery that her husband was a big slave-owner

FANNY KEMBLE
THE PASSIONATE VICTORIAN

Margaret Armstrong's Biography of the Brilliant and Lively Actress; a Woman of Rare Versatility Who Fought Slavery

By VERNON FANE

TO label a period of sixty years with one epithet and to have one general opinion of the people who lived during that time seems excessively foolish even to those who are not given to overmuch reasoning. Yet that is precisely what most of us do when we use the word Victorian. It seems to connote an age of repressed respectability and, in spite of the literary and scientific history of those years, one of little vitality.

Yet during that time lived, to choose only the English sphere, some of the most extraordinary and the most vital personalities of our history. One of them, and by no means a very famous one, is characteristic of the whole misconception of Victorian mentality.

FANNY KEMBLE (Macmillan. 15s.) is the biography of a woman who thoroughly deserved the title, given to her by the author, Miss Margaret Armstrong, of "a passionate Victorian." She was a member of the famous acting family, so closely associated with Covent Garden Theatre, and was at the height of her success just 100 years ago. When she made her stage debut she was still almost a child, and although she already had the beginnings of a hatred for that profession, she made an overwhelming success as Juliet, and, quite literally, saved the family's fortunes.

The Kembles were a united family, and happiest of all in each other's company. Their conversation, like their acting, was spirited and untrammelled. They had enthusiasms, affections and not a few mannerisms. Fanny's mother in moments of domestic stress was apt to rearrange all the furniture in her drawing-room. Fanny rode out her emotions on horseback in the most spectacular way, though to the end of her life she retained a curiously heavy hand on the bridle.

That heavy hand had its analogy in the way she lived her life. She was brilliant, beautiful, lively, a poet, a dramatist and a sensationally good actress, but often in her human contacts she failed for want of something that might be called restraint, might more exactly be intuition.

With the exception of her American husband, Pierce Butler, who treated her with an almost unbelievable want of consideration, her success with men was unfailing. It was with women that her occasional lapses from sympathy were evident.

After Fanny's marriage, which took place in the course of an American tour, she settled with her husband in Philadelphia and experienced for the first time in her life the pettiness of provincial society. Since a child she had been accustomed to the company of men of letters, of artists, and of wits. The standing of her family had been unique, and Fanny had been presented to kings and queens, and counted some of the great names of England as her friends.

The contrast between the two lives was great, but Fanny was determined to bear it and compromise with it as far as possible, for the sake of her two daughters, whom she idolised. A second and more lasting shock to her happiness and security was the discovery that her husband owned hundreds of slaves on his Georgia plantations, and that his treatment of them was not, by any standards, enlightened.

To Fanny this meant a rift in their relations which even Pierce's unfaithfulness had never opened. She became an advocate for any of the negroes who came to her with a story of suffering, and there were many of them. She was able to institute many reforms on the plantation, but it was at this time that she saw the end of her old happy life. Subsequently on visits to England, she could never quite recapture the old insouciance, and when, after her divorce, she turned to the stage again as the surest means of livelihood, it was as a saddened and mature woman.

Her career was an extraordinary one in many ways. Although she is most generally known as an actress, it was as an author that her contemporary reputation was most firmly grounded. The publication of her *Georgia Journal* was even said to have influenced England's attitude in the matter of the American civil war, and her writings were hotly discussed in both countries.

She respected beauty and independence of mind. She was impulsive and mistaken and rather splendid, and one might come to reconsider the threadbare meaning of the word "Victorian" on reading her own words, that the death she preferred "would be to break my neck off the back of a good horse at a full gallop on a fine day."

Miss Margaret Armstrong has written a very fine biography and one that I recommend to all right-minded Georgians!

Mr. Vincent Sheean's new novel, A DAY OF BATTLE (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.), is remarkable in two respects — first, that it must obviously have involved a quite fantastic amount of research, and second, that it is an admirable entertainment.

The battle of Fontenoy in 1745 is the focal point of the book, the great battle by which Louis XV hoped to prove his prowess in the field of war. The actual commander was the brilliant, gross, dropsy-ridden Marechal de Saxe, whose swollen body was driven round the field all day in a kind of swinging basket bed, directing, encouraging and rallying his forces.

France's victory was Louis's but more than to him it belonged to Maurice de Saxe and it has become known with the years as the Marechal's greatest military engagement.

Louis XV at this time was at the beginning of his association with Jeannette Poisson, and it was that summer that the King bestowed on her the charming title of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour.

There are little scenes, inset like cameos into the main course of the narrative, of Jeanne in her chateau receiving M. de Voltaire, and listening to his advice; planning for her reception by the Queen, and learning verses. But it is the account of the battle itself which grips one, and carries one the length of that far-off summer day when the young French lieutenant cried, "Messieurs les Anglais, tirez les premiers!"

Roughly speaking, there are two types of the success story in fiction. There is that which ends with the patriarch, full of years and honour, surveying his family and possibly his possessions with the calm certainty of a life well lived and brought to a dignified conclusion through his own efforts and in spite of the drawbacks of an unpromising childhood (without which no success story is complete).

And there is the other kind, designed to point the moral of material success. In this the bad start, the fame and the riches, or the achievement, run to the same pattern, but in the end the success turns to ashes. The battle has been hardly fought and won, but at what a cost. Fortune has smiled too late, and the "successful" man sits alone with bitter memories of the struggle, and of happiness missed.

Miss Barbara Goolden has taken a third course in YOUNG AMBITION (Methuen. 8s. 6d.), and pictured a man who rises from mediocrity to the crowded honours of a fashionable K.C.'s life, with so little sensibility that he is able to ignore the lack of friendship or any but the most grudging respect. He achieves his ambition and is fundamentally too crude to see that the finer values will always escape him. It is the portrait of an egotist and like all such portraits, however shrewd, it leaves one with a feeling of flatness and incompletion.

Sam Dowling, the young clerk in a lawyer's office, aimed high, and even while still in his early twenties, decided not to let any considerations of love or parental approval deter him. He was going to be a barrister and a successful one. He was going to have money, fashionable acquaintances, and a luxurious home. He was going to have a loyal wife and amusing affairs. He was going to have a son to inherit from him.

In all these ambitions, even, rather incredibly, in the matter of a wife, he was satisfied, and only his wish for a son remained unanswered. He had no close man friend, but never felt the need of one. The good taste which would have influenced every side of his career was an unknown quantity to him. The book ends with a scene in which he embarks on a fresh, and cheap, flirtation.

It is a pity, perhaps, that, despising her central character so much, the author should have taken so many pains with him. The supporting cast, as it were, deserved a little more attention, and in the case of the forbidding mother, almost a whole novel to herself.

Books Received.—ROUTLEDGE.—AIR RAID: The Technique of Silent Approach: High Explosive Panic. By John Langdon-Davies. 2s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER.—FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN VERSE. An anthology chosen by John Gawsworth. 6s. SECKER & WARBURG.—THE RED ARMY. By Erich Wollenberg. 10s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—THE WIDOW WITH THE PINK GLOVES. By Maurice Dekobra. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—THE CRADLE OF THE NORTH WIND. By A. S. T. Godfrey. 8s. 6d. FREDERICK MULLER.—TIPS AND GRATUITIES: An International Guide to Tipping. By "Globe Trotter." 2s. 6d. NELSON.—TRENT INTERVENES By E. C. Bentley. 7s. 6d. J. O. PATENAUDE.—OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN FORCES IN THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1919. By Colonel A. Fortescue Duguid. Vol. I. 2 Dollars. OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN FORCES IN THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1919: Chronology, Appendices and Maps. Vol. I. 1 Dollar 50 Cents. QUALITY PRESS.—TRANSPORT AND SPORT IN THE GREAT WAR PERIOD. By Captain A. O. Temple Clarke. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. THE AMBART TRIAL. By Kenneth Ingram. 8s. 6d.

WORDSWORTH'S BIRTHPLACE SAVED FOR THE NATION: The house at Cockermouth, Cumberland, where the great poet was born in 1770, was recently purchased by a motor transport company which proposed to build a bus station on the site. The Wordsworth Memorial Committee has intervened, however, and for £1,625 has succeeded in acquiring the place, which it hopes eventually to hand over to the National Trust

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A.R.P.—IV

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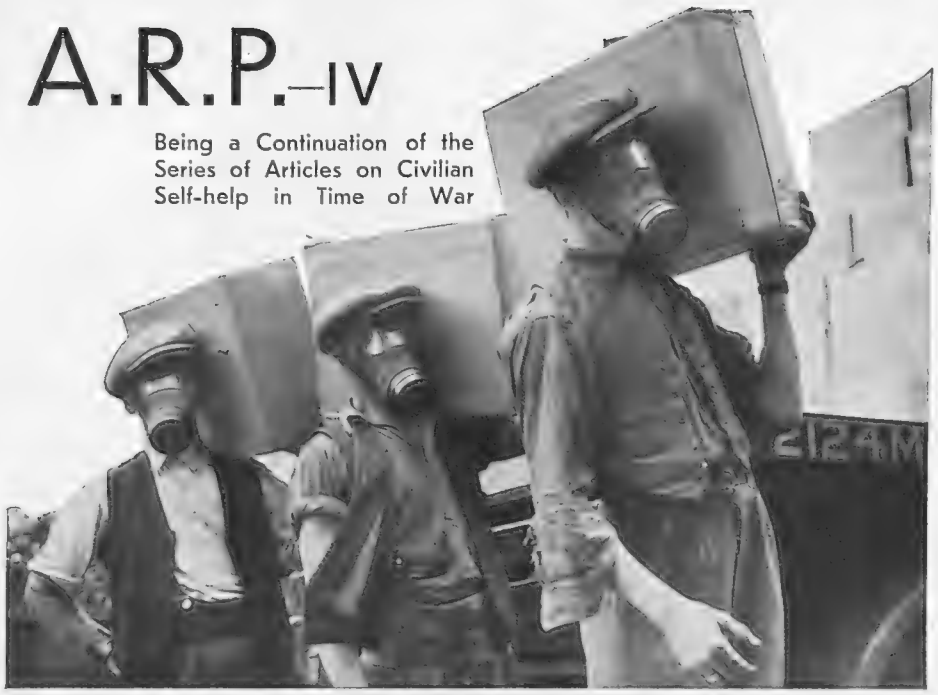

A.R.P. AT WIMBLEDON: Corporation workmen unloading a consignment of 60,000 gas masks which are being stored in the borough ready for distribution in time of emergency. As they did the unloading some of the men donned masks, in order to gain personal experience of the exact effect of wearing them under working conditions

By INGLIS SHELDON-WILLIAMS

ON July 23, Sir Samuel Hoare pointed out that the elaborate system of public warnings being devised by the Home Office and the local authorities would not have instantaneous effect unless they were linked to an internal system of warnings adapted to the needs of each establishment; each instantly putting into motion the machinery of its own organisation.

This comes right home to mother calling to the children to come in out of the raid.

So an elaborate system has been devised in which its working depends for efficiency on the A.R.P. watchers—the *antennae*—at one end, and the valiant A.R.P. warden's post at the other. (In between, there are a lot of capital fellows, R.A.F. and so on, who will also be doing their bit.)

Early in August A.R.P. co-operated for the first time with the anti-aircraft forces in the big night and day exercises on a front extending from Folkestone to the mouth of the Humber. Its volunteer observer corps, enrolled as special constables, formed posts near their own home towns and villages so close together that aircraft would be within sight or sound of one or more posts. In a few seconds, by field telephone and specially reserved lines, the news is at operational headquarters, transmitted there by the local observer centre concerned.

This is the ideal aimed at: Indisseverable from the machinery of R.A.F., the pressing of a button sets in motion a vast number of self-contained miniature civilian air defence systems acting reciprocally like the several parts of a watch, alarum and all, complete—from the mainspring to the little dial registering the seconds, which is going to be of quite extraordinary importance with time the very essence of bombing contact. And every individual must either tick in time with the watch or be a bit of scrap-iron hampering the works.

And now, for further reinforcement, begins to come the day of the Civil Air Guard and the Civilian Wireless Reserve.

With regard to warnings generally, the question on the one hand is that everybody should get warning in sufficient time, and on the other hand that people should not be disturbed by warnings not immediately necessary to them. The aim is to achieve so speedy and reliable a warning system that workers in factories and offices could distinguish warnings, and continue working in confidence till the sounding of sirens organised by the Metropolitan Police under the single co-ordinated warning scheme applying to the whole of London.

In this important matter of warnings, however, a significant occurrence in Barcelona may be borne in mind. In the raid on that city in the middle of last March the order of events was as follows:—

(1) Bombs dropped;
(2) Raiders seen;
(3) Alarm given.

This exactly reverses the order reckoned on. Sound detectors are good up to 50 miles. The insurgent bombers rose to 30,000 ft., shut off their engines, and glided silently 100 miles to their objective.

The result, considered altogether apart from material damage, was two-fold. First, the neutralising of the defenders' warning system; and secondly—and of first-rate value from the point of view of the raiders—the effect on public morale. The direct attack on the nerve centre. We are told by an eye-witness that it was the general opinion in Barcelona that these raids carried out with the technique of the silent approach were not so important for the deaths they caused as for what they did to the living.

Now we can argue with reason that the indomitable attitude of Barcelona's citizens is pretty good evidence that the indiscriminate bombing of non-combatants will never end a war; that the effect is the opposite of that intended; that as it has stiffened the Spaniard's resistance to an almost everyday occurrence so it would stiffen ours; that ninety-one raids up to the middle of July with their tale of 2,000 dead is a poor showing for two years' frightfulness; that the real result has been the bracing of apathy to fight through to the end.

Demonstrably futile as a means for victoriously ending long-drawn-out war, the first raid may go far towards ending a war not begun. The initiative won by the coward's blow . . . We do not—some of us—wait to-day for the ceremonials of decent war—"My compliments, sir. Kindly hand me your papers and pack your trunk. I shall be attacking your country in a day or two."—"Messieurs les Anglais, tirez les premiers"—All that belonged to the age of chivalry our civilisation mocks. The age when we fought like—gentlemen. To-day we—some of us—bank on the *fait accompli*, and write our polite notes afterwards. Provided it is backed by force, any lie will serve. Warnings?—*We have been warned.*

To get the full impact of the contrast, turn to this, from Sir William Fraser's *Words on Wellington*:—

"Before the battle of Orthez the bridge over the Gave de Pau had been passed by the French army. The Duke sent a note to Marshal Soult saying that a battle would, of course, take place on the following day, but that, as it was desirable in the interest of the inhabitants of Orthez not to destroy the bridge, he promised that, if Soult would abstain from blowing it up, no British soldier should cross it. Soult trusted him, and the bridge is to this day intact."

In that little matter of "keeping faith," recently stressed by the Prime Minister at Birmingham, which of those two would be held by certain persons to-day to have been the bigger fool—the man who trusted the other man, or the man who kept his word?

The part the glider might play in the silent approach may well have to be reckoned with in any warnings system. Presumably this fragile craft can carry little weight, and is dependent on air currents for its climb, but carried pick-a-back and launched with pilot and a few light H.E. bombs from a height above balloon barrages, one can envisage it as a silent, living projectile of the air, dirigible to its mark on its downward glide. Some 400 miles in a straight line without landing, in a two-seater with a passenger—say two 60 lb. H.E. bombs—is the record claimed on July 20 by the Russian glider pilot Kartashoff.

This is not fantastic. Daring practically certain death in the air is no new thing. Its underseas suicidal counterpart is an organised arm to-day.

The Italian sea sled — or M.A.S. — after d'Annunzio's phrase, "*Memento audere semper*"; "Never forget daring"—is a long, frail shell of aluminium and light wood which makes 60 knots at contract speed and is reputed to have touched 80 knots. A rifle bullet or a gust of wind may destroy it. Each M.A.S. carries two torpedoes. They are operated by picked volunteer officers, three to a boat.

During the Abyssinian crisis late in 1935 the British battleship *Hood* was proceeding from Gibraltar to Alexandria. Two M.A.S. going south crossed her bows. A little later two M.A.S. going north crossed under her stern. There were the proper naval salutes. The same day the radio announced from Rome—in English—that the two M.A.S. had crossed from Sicily to Africa and from Africa back to Sicily while the British battleship was covering 40 knots. The shortest distance from Sicily to a point on the African coast (Cape Bon) and back is 180 miles.

To-day we have to reckon with machinery of war that rivals and outstrips the most fantastic imaginary excursions of the scientific writer of yesterday. *The Clipper of the Clouds*, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*—such fiction has become the commonplace of reality, and Mr. H. G. Wells's stories read like the chronicles in our morning papers.

What, in short, is fast becoming the commonplace of reality is the imperative necessity for co-operation between the public utilities and the services that presents itself at every turn, and this will be impracticable till the risks that may confront them are realised by the whole community, and the impossibility of improvising against those risks at the last moment any concerted system of warnings and communications.

A DEMONSTRATION OF GERMAN INTEREST IN THE HELICOPTER

A FOCKE HELICOPTER engaged on a flight during a recent display at Nuremberg

Although the autogiro, developed so successfully by the late Senor Juan de la Cierva, bears a distinct resemblance to the helicopter, designers have continued the attempt to make the helicopter itself a practical proposition. In other words, they have been aiming to build an aircraft in which the direct lift is supplied by the thrust of airscrews which replace the conventional wings of the aeroplane and differ from the autogiro in that the rotors are power driven. A certain amount of success has been achieved, particularly in Germany, where the 160 h.p. Focke helicopter (pictured above) recently carried out a series of tests which demonstrated its manœuvrability, as it made vertical ascents and also flew backwards and sideways

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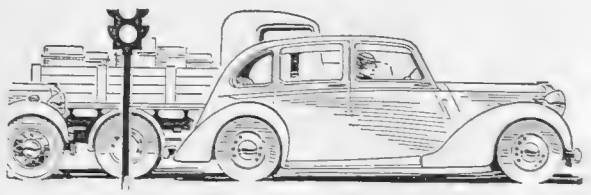

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WALES PRODUCES A LIKELY HEAVYWEIGHT

A Promising Future Predicted for George James

WELSH IDOLS: George James, the promising young heavyweight, greeting ex-champion Jack Petersen, who recently visited his training quarters

Experts who saw George James, the Welsh heavyweight, in his fight last week against Ben Foord, former Empire champion, at Greyfriars Hall, Cardiff, formed the view that this young boxer is a boy of rare physical make-up who, though he may, through inexperience, yet be destined for a defeat or two, will eventually climb high in his profession and perhaps go one better than his compatriot, Tommy Farr, who last year in New York stood up to the finish against the punishing attack of Louis.

Apart from his physical perfection, James is a boxer who should have no difficulty in getting on, for though he has not quite the fire of Jack Petersen, of never-to-be-forgotten memory, who battled so gloriously against the ruthless strength of Neusel, he has in a considerable measure Petersen's mental outlook, and, into the bargain, a greater degree of stamina. It must conversely be said that in the ring James has not the ice-cold, calculating calm of Tommy Farr, but he undoubtedly possesses a harder punch, and hero-worshipping Wales believes that this boxer, thus equipped, can do great things in the ring, both in this country and in America. When Wales thinks thus it means something, for the hard-bitten men from the valleys are knowledgeable critics, seldom making false favourites.

This week's fight was promoted by Mr. Sydney Hulls, a man who has done much for British heavyweight boxing of recent years and who, by taking James under his wing, may yet have Tsar Jacobs and his Philadelphia rival cabling wildly across the Atlantic. Mr. Hulls' latest promotion is the Phillips–Doyle fight at Harringay.

THE ROYAL ROUTE TO THE ORIENT (*Continued from page* 486)

for defence against attack both by sea and from the air. It has supplies of all sorts in plenty, and it has more than one well-sited and efficient air base.

In the event of war, Malta would certainly be strongly attacked. So heavily defended is the island, however, that it seems probable that the attacks would have to be abandoned as too costly, particularly as they could have but small effect upon the main course of the war.

Some 936 miles from Malta is Port Said, at the northern entrance to the Suez Canal. This eastern section of the Mediterranean trade route has a branch to Haifa, on the Palestine coast, which has become of great importance by reason of the completion of the oil pipe line from the Iranian oilfields.

At the foot of the Red Sea, where the trade route passes into the Indian Ocean, Great Britain has two possessions. There is the island of Perim, geographically of far greater significance to the trade route than is Pantellaria in the Mediterranean, but hitherto used only as an observation and signal station. Then there is the territory of Aden, but lately become a crown colony, and known as the "outer gateway of India." Aden, hot and barren though it be, is a strongly fortified port of the first importance in the link of fortresses between England and India.

THE DINGO—AN AUSTRALIAN PROBLEM (*Continued from page* 488)

To-day it does not pay to "go dogging" except far away from settlement, away in the bush, distant from any habitation where the dingo and aborigine roam in their natural state. Experienced trappers learn the areas favoured by these scavengers and I remember two who used their knowledge so well that they made over £600 apiece, clear of expenses, in half a year near Oonadatta. But that is exceptional. Ordinarily a dogger earns £5 or £6 a week.

A bush industry has started in which any sort of dog is bred freely, so that in due course it may be skinned for profit. If payment is restricted to genuine dingoes then the numerous outlaw dogs of the unfenced bush may become a ménace no less significant. But if the present rather unlimited freedom in payment for scalps continues it may occur that pastoralists have to be taxed heavier. It is a quandary, particularly now that the Alsatian has been allowed into Australia.

These wolf-hounds have been a source of increasing anxiety to pastoralists since their popularity grew to its present extent. For once in a way the interests of the cattlemen and sheepmen are identical—they fear the Alsatian may go wild, cross with the dingo and, either pure bred or crossed, will become killers. Yes, and far more fearful than any type of canine which roams the bush to-day. For their size and strain, even if subdued through domesticity, could let them become a danger to man as well as beast. The pestiferous fertility of Australia in shrubs, beasts, and birds makes one concerned lest this should be well founded.

ENGLAND'S THREATENED HERITAGE (*Continued from page* 490)

distinguished smaller houses of the eighteenth century in England. This fine town house, attributed to Henry Bell of King's Lynn and built, in 1726, by William Fydell, a prosperous Boston wine merchant, was the home of succeeding generations of the Fydell family who served the town as aldermen, mayors, judges of the Admiralty Court, Recorders, and Members of Parliament. William Fydell was a man of taste as well as means, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the house reflects all the best characteristics of the period, not only in its generous design and proportion, but also in the superb detail, of which there is a foretaste in the beautiful wrought-iron treillage screening the forecourt and an abundance to be found throughout the house. Practically every room retains its original panelling and carved mantelpiece, and the quality of the staircase would give it a place in any museum in the world.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It is most satisfactory to learn to what excellent purpose the children in these Homes put the chances they have been given. At the School Commercial Certificate Examination held by the Royal Society of Arts in July last, twenty-five candidates from the Bisley School were successful, eighteen boys securing certificates in the first class and seven in the second class. There were eighty-five subject "passes" with "credit." The results this year are a record, both in the number of certificates and in the number of "passes" in the first class. Will readers send a donation to this Society, in order that more poor children may be given such a chance in life. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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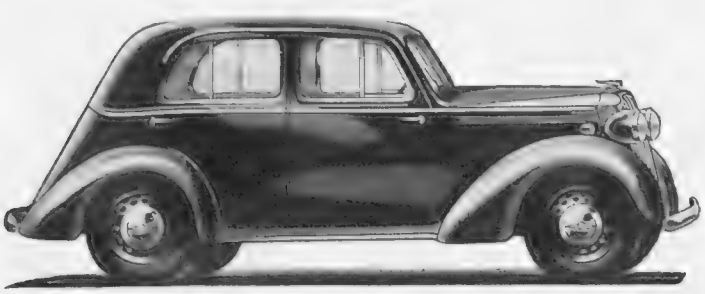

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"THE LAST FLICKER OF THE LAMP OF MOGUL ARCHITECTURE": This is the picturesque description given by an archæologist to the tomb of Nawab Safdar Jang, second Prince of Oudh, who died in 1754. The building, which lies near Delhi, is reminiscent of the Taj Mahal

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The great tourist highway is between Bombay and Calcutta, with stops at Delhi, Agra and Benares. That is the irreducible minimum and it can be done in less than a fortnight, which allows several days in Agra and Delhi. I think you will go again and again to the Taj Mahal at Agra, perhaps the greatest of all monuments of this richly endowed land. Words and pictures are inadequate, you must see it and stand in its atmosphere. There are many other things to see in Agra, steeped as it is in associations with the Mogul emperors. The walls of Akbar's fort are 65 ft. high and within its mile circumference are some of the most important buildings. A little over 20 miles away is Akbar's deserted city, Fatehpur Sikri, deserted after his death because the water supply was inadequate. Its treasures in stone stand to this day and are of unfailing interest to the traveller.

Delhi is different. The new city which has arisen in our time is worthy of the Mogul tradition. It has had seven predecessors and inherits a history of splendour and drama. That which is new is modern town planning at its best, and of the old, the fort and palace of Shah Jehan, who built the Taj Mahal as a tribute to his queen, is of particular interest with its famous Pearl Mosque.

Benares, the third stop on the short itinerary, provides one of the most familiar pictures of India, the bathing ghats on the Ganges. The pilgrimage to this holy city is an unforgettable sight, and there are buildings which also claim the attention of the traveller, the beautiful mosque of Aurangzehe and two outstanding temples, the Golden and the Monkey.

Now let us elaborate the itinerary. From Calcutta you should endeavour to see something of the majesty of the Himalayas. Four or five days suffice for a visit to Darjeeling, a name you will at once associate with the Everest expeditions, and from one of the hills near the town you can get an unparalleled panorama, not only of that peak but also of Kinchinjunga, Kabru, and others, all over 20,000 ft.

Between Calcutta and Agra are two large industrial cities with immortal names, Cawnpore and Lucknow. Their Mutiny associations give them a special appeal. From Delhi a considerable diversion may be made, first of all to Simla, the summer capital. Standing many thousand feet above sea level it experiences occasional falls of snow in the winter, and in their white mantle the surrounding mountains present a beautiful panorama. Kapurthala, Amritsar, religious capital of the Sikhs, with its famous Golden Temple, and residential Lahore with many beautiful old buildings may next be seen. Farther north the Khyber Pass has a particular fascination for me. Down through the ages what a cavalcade has passed between those barren hills. There you are not far from one of the most fascinating of the Indian states, Kashmir, its capital, Srinagar, straddling the Jhelum river, the two sections of the city being connected by numerous wooden bridges.

The autumn season comes to an end about the middle of next month but the novelty of winter sports may appeal to you. Gulmarg, a hill station near Srinagar, caters for them. To see the lovely valley of Kashmir at its best I suggest you go there in May.

The return from Kashmir may eventually follow the valley of the Indus to Karachi, with possibly another diversion into Baluchistan, where a new Quetta is arising from the ruins caused by the earthquake of 1935. Karachi is a very convenient port for Northern India, Lahore being reached in twenty-two hours from there and Delhi in thirty-four.

Reverting to our original route there are several points of special interest between Delhi and Bombay I want to refer to. The pink stone city of Jaipur, with its Palace of the Winds, and farther south, Udaipur, on the shore of Lake Pichola, a dazzling white fantasy of water palaces, should be visited. A few miles from Jaipur is another deserted city, Amber, which has some singularly beautiful Rajput architecture. Then there is the hill station of Mount Abu and not far away, at Dilwara, the Jain Temples, with interiors of marble carved with the delicacy of filigree.

Bombay itself will claim considerable attention. Its interest is largely modern, but the caves of Elephanta Island and the Parsee Towers of Silence should not be missed. A short tour from Bombay to visit the Ellora cave temples, of which the Kailasa Temple carved out of solid rock is one of the most wonderful relics in the land, is amply rewarded. A few miles away is Daulatabad Fort, built on the top of a 700-ft. hill — a remarkable piece of engineering by the builders of the past. On the same tour you may include the Ajanta caves, in a narrow gorge in the heart of the Indian jungle. They date back over 2,000 years.

No tour in India is satisfactory to my mind unless it devotes considerable time to the south, the land of temples. The pilgrim towns with their wonderful shrines have a tremendous fascination. It contains the holy cities of Rameswaram and Conjeeveram and all devout Hindus try to make a pilgrimage to the south during their lifetime. The best time to go there is between November and the middle of March. Rameswaram is quite close to the point where passengers crossing Palk Strait from Ceylon arrive. That, by the way, is a very good approach to India, and if you use it I suggest you allow as much time as possible for some sightseeing in the lovely island before starting your tour of the mainland. Assuming, however, that you are coming south from Bombay or Calcutta you will probably go first to Madras, a great city closely linked with the foundation of British rule in India. In the Nilgiri Hills, in the presidency, you will find lovely scenery and unlimited facilities for big game shooting. Ootacamund is the summer headquarters of the Madras Government. It suggests a vast park.

Mysore state should next be visited. Here, too, you will see some wonderful country. The state is rich in centres of interest and contains the highest falls in the world, the Gersoppa, or Jog, which are easily reached by rail or road. Trichinopoly, the "city of the three-headed demon," Tanjore, for ages one of the chief literary and religious centres of the south, and Madura, of great antiquity, with the celebrated Golden Lily Tank as part of the Great Temple, should be included in your itinerary, and in the State of Travancore, extending down the Malabar Coast to Cape Comorin, you have a great variety of scenery and interest which may tempt you to spend many days there.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

On right—

ONCE THE HERMITAGE OF BUDDHIST ASCETICS: The entrance to one of the great caves on Elephanta Island, near Bombay; a favourite resort of tourists

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The sweep of oak-woods to the water's edge . . . tapering masts reflected in blue water . . . the cry of gulls . . . and the measured sound of rowlocks in the deepening twilight . . . tiny lights that wink and bob among the ripples . . . all this is Falmouth Harbour, a haven of enchantment. Enjoy its romantic beauty this autumn from the

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Resident proprietress will gladly send you particulars. Private Suites available on first and ground floors. One minute from the station. Telephone: 2271/2.

In Quest of

On the Conqueror's Path: Follow Wroxeter: Some Good Stopping

I SUPPOSE the very oldest road in England is the "Pilgrim's Way." But I hope the archæologists will not quarrel with me too much if I assert that Watling Street is one of the oldest. Certainly the Romans used it, if they did not actually make it, and surely that straight line ruled through from their landing to Anglesey (then the seat of Druidic resistance) was the path of the conqueror? But be that as it may, I decided the other day to follow this great road from Dover to Uriconium, and accordingly a sunny morning saw me leave the Lord Warden at Dover, to wind my way up on to the chalk hills that surround the town.

On I sailed, and the larks sang merrily as I crossed over Barham Downs. Through Canterbury I went (for I had made my pilgrimage only a week or so before), out of the West Gate, up and away through Faversham and Sittingbourne with their memories of oysters and enormous cherries, threading my way in heavy traffic, for the old road still serves well, until at last I reached Rochester. There I paused for lunch at the Bull, an old inn made famous by Dickens, and afterwards I climbed Gundulf's Tower, the great Norman keep. Then away up Gadshill, and the shade of Falstaff; until finally at tea time I looked down from Shooters Hill upon London.

I do not pretend to know the line of Watling Street through London, so I dived under the Blackwall Tunnel and, making use of the North Circular Road, arrived through Barnet and St. Albans. At St. Albans I stopped at the top of the hill for an aperitif, and hardening my heart, left the abbey on my left and pushed on through Dunstable and the two Stratfords to Towcester. Here I made a halt for the night, and after a pleasant dinner at the Pomfret Arms, retired to my bedroom musing of "old unhappy, far off things and battles long ago."

The Pomfret Arms has nothing pretentious about it, but it is one of those hotels that do a good job in a quiet and unobtrusive way, and as such I commend it to those who travel upon Watling Street.

I did not make a very early start, so that at noon I had barely left out of sight the wireless masts of Daventry and Rugby, but another seven miles or so brought me to the Knight of the Road, a very new hotel in the parish of Hinckley. I had several times heard of this hotel, so I decided to lunch there—and a very good lunch I had.

Incidentally, I am assured that those who spend a night at this hotel are made exceedingly comfortable. Each room has its own bathroom, and the beds are good. The whole place is modern and up to date, but one tip—it is not a large house, so make sure of a bed by ringing up first!

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

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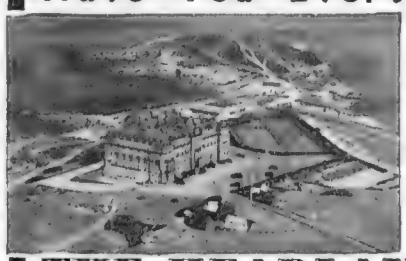


. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME DOWN THIS MONTH TO

THE HEADLAND *by* **NEWQUAY**

Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. Telephone: Newquay 511

f Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

wns Watling Street from Dover to ng laces on the Northward Route

By this time I had come to the reluctant conclusion that Watling Street, though it passes through and by many charming old towns and places full of interest, is in itself a rather tiresome road. It is too straight and too uneventful and one requires at least a Bentley to appreciate it. So after lunch I put my foot down on the accelerator, having decided to turn off for a few miles at Lichfield to visit the Cathedral. This I did, and later took tea at the George in Bird Street.

Then from Lichfield to Wall, where a link in the main road is all that marks a Roman township, and thence along the edge of the Cannock mining area, through Gailey to the cross-roads at Ivetsey Bank, where one can turn off, if one likes, to visit Boscobel and King Charles Oak, only a mile or so away. There I stopped at the Bradford Arms, one of the best of Butler's houses, where I took a glass of ale; and so, past Lord Bradford's estate at Weston and the junction of the Chester Road, to Crackleybank and Wellington.

The road does not pass through Wellington but leaves it to the right, and shortly afterwards it runs along the foot of the Wrekin and climbs slowly to that bend where one catches one's first glimpse of the Welsh hills. Here I paused while I picked out Caradoc and the Long Mynd, Pontesford, the Bredons, and Haughmond, all showing blue in the evening light, and then I descended the long straight to Uriconium (or Wroxeter, as it is called to-day).

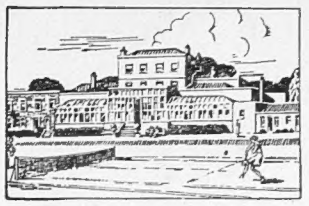
Here I visited the Roman remains and heard the tale of the inhabitant who had crept into the flue to save himself and his bag of gold when the town was sacked by the barbarians, how he was choked by the fumes, and how recently they discovered his skeleton still clutching the bag of gold. I lit my pipe. The curator started to yarn about buck in Africa. He showed me his heads. I lit a second pipe. I was late for dinner at the Mytton and Mermaid.

After an excellent meal, I sauntered on to Atcham Bridge which is a few yards from the hotel. I viewed the swannery and the place where Mytton made his famous leap on Baronet with his arm in a sling. I returned to bed. From my room I could just hear the eddying of the water under the bridge.

"Sabrina fair," I started,
"Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassie, cool . . ."

But I was asleep.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*



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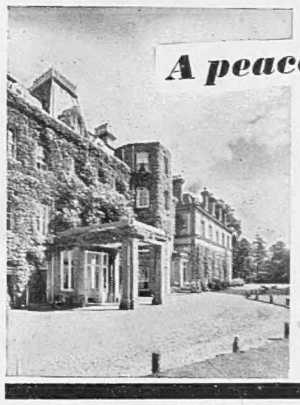

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Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

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An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. S. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

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"Yes, isn't it! I saw it advertised."

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ADVERTISED GOODS ARE THE GOODS TO BUY

CARS OF THE COMING SEASON

Improvements, Additions and Alterations by Humber

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

AS Show time approaches more and more new models appear. One of the most interesting to be announced of late is the Super Snipe Humber. This car, so the makers tell me, can almost be described as gearless. Not that a gear-box has been omitted from the design, because a very excellent four-speed box is actually included, but the car possesses such an abundance of power that on top gear it will do almost anything.

I am told that it can travel at anything between 5 m.p.h. and 85 m.p.h. on the level and will go up hills of 1 in 6 gradient all on top gear. When the car was displayed to the press at its "coming out" party we were able to witness it climbing a short but exceedingly steep gradient in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. At one point this hill definitely had a gradient of 1 in 3 or 1 in 4 on a corner and yet the car took up a full complement of passengers on top gear with only a run of 20 yards or so before tackling the hill.

RED FOR SAFETY: Special red concrete interspaced with ordinary white forms the new surface of a part of Ruxley Lane, Ewell, Surrey, which is being widened. The coloured concrete is being laid down as an experiment in road safety

I have not yet had an opportunity of trying the car myself but at the Crystal Palace on the occasion referred to demonstrations were given of its acceleration. On top gear it will apparently increase its speed from 10 to 30 m.p.h. in 6·25 secs., whereas its acceleration between these speeds on the lower gears is, of course, even more astounding. I was informed that the well-known Birdlip Hill, which not so long ago was considered a real test gradient, can be taken by the Super Snipe in top gear without any undue strain or difficulty.

The car is exceedingly roomy and the finish and equipment are well up to the high standard which Humber have always set themselves. Needless to say, the Humber "Evenkeel" independent front-wheel suspension is included, and an anti-roll sway eliminator stabilises the car on bends and corners. The engine is rated at 26·9 h.p., has 6 cylinders with side valves, and develops on the bench over 100 b.h.p. The chassis boasts of a box girder frame with the additional benefit of cruciform bracing which ties up with the side members of the frame at the points of maximum stress and completes a structure of immense strength and rigidity.

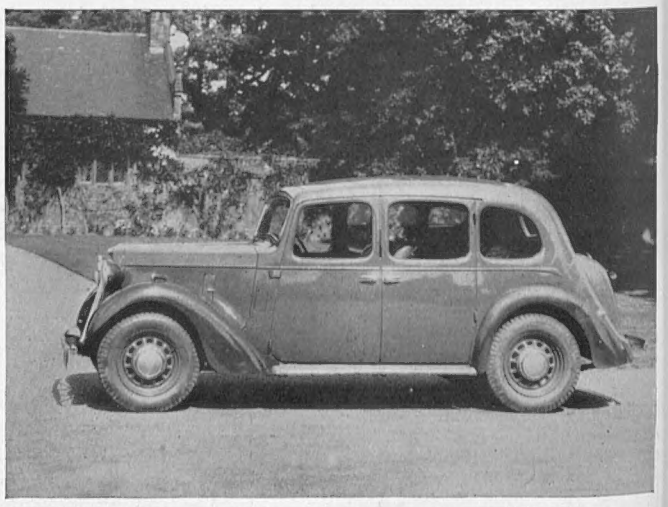
With such a powerful engine the designers have given the car a transmission system which will stand up to the job. Hydraulically operated brakes are fitted, the actual system employed being that known as the Lockheed Bisector with slotted shoe. Two types of body are available, one, a six-window saloon and the other a sports saloon. Both, I noticed, had really excellent lines and the sports saloon has that square finish at the corners which gives it a very tidy appearance. Specially large headlamps are fitted because it is realised that a car with such an outstanding performance demands the very best lighting obtainable for safe night driving. The price of the saloon is £385 and the sports saloon £430.

I cannot imagine the Humber people claiming such a performance for one of their cars unless it was perfectly accurate and so I feel certain that when the time comes and I have one placed at my disposal for testing I will find that this Humber is really one of those British cars for which we have waited a long time, as its performance certainly appears to be equal to, if not better than, those coming from the other side of the Atlantic, and, what is more, the manufacturers have been able to offer it at a very enticing price.

The Humber Snipe and the Sixteen are both being continued for 1939 in improved form. No radical alterations have been made but the following are among the alterations incorporated. Lockheed hydraulic brakes, improved clutch control, chassis frame with cruciform bracing, new steering head and controls, a lock for the cubby hole, over-riders on the bumpers, a new position for the tool-box, new door handles of improved design, and improved instruments with better illumination. The Humber "Imperial" and "Pullman" are likewise continued with various improvements and refinements.

Shell-Mex and B.P. Limited recently staged in London an exceedingly interesting exhibition of "How your Car Works." I am glad to say that they have decided to tour this exhibition during the coming winter and the spring of 1939 so that motorists in many important provincial centres will have an opportunity of seeing it. Admission will, in all cases, be free to the public. Working models, sectioned mechanism and diagrams help to explain how each important unit of a motor car works.

As an instance of how thoroughly the job is being done I would mention that a complete engine has been mounted on a cross-bar so that it can be pivoted round and seen from any angle. There are actual specimens of the ordinary and synchromesh gear-boxes, while that obscure piece of mechanism, the differential, can be thoroughly understood by anyone in a few moments, thanks to an ingenious turntable model. Engineers will be in attendance at the exhibition to answer questions, and arrangements are being made to show interesting films dealing with the production of oil, the lubrication of the petrol engine, and Shell specialised lubrication at each town where the exhibition is held.



THE AUSTIN TWELVE ASCOT SALOON: This popular model is now fitted with a new body with high and wide doors and of very pleasing appearance. It is of all-steel construction and sound-insulated by special material

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.

ENGLAND—*continued.*

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Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
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Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford (Hants.).—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
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Ramsgate.—The Granville.
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Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
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St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
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Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
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Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
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Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.

ENGLAND—*continued.*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
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Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
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Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
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Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
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Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

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Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
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Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
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Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.

SCOTLAND—*continued.*

Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
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Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

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Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
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Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

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Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
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Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

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Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
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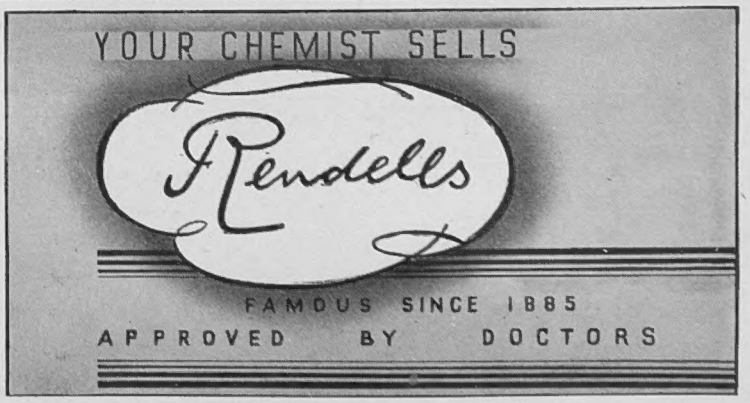

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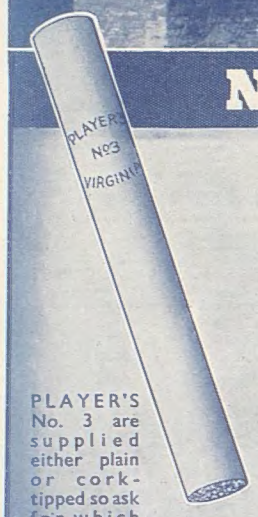

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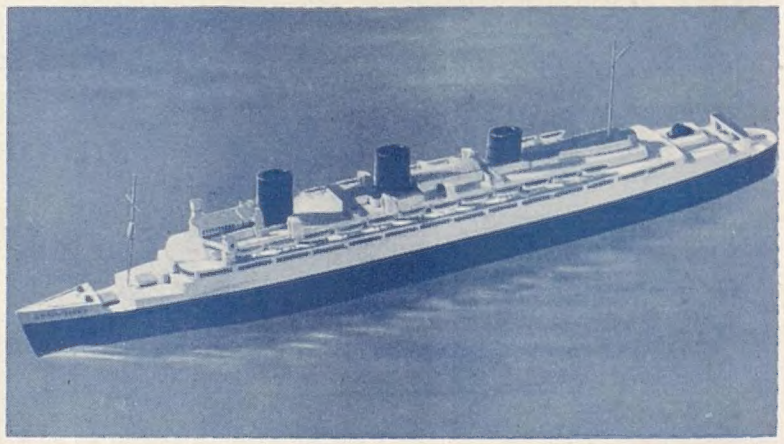

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